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In Many Places

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RUSSIAN PORTRAITS

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A. D'orso
Lausanne

MUSSOLINI
(frontispiece)

In Many Places

by Clare Sheridan



Jonathan Cape

Eleven Gower Street, London

1923.

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DEDICATION

To all my unknown fellow-travellers who
helped me on my way.

CLARE SHERIDAN

TO YOU

“ Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire
to speak to me,
Why should you not speak to me . . . ?
And why should I not speak to you ? ”

WALT WHITMAN

Introduction

I WAS sent to Europe by the *New York World* to write articles on after-war conditions. Herbert Swope, my editor, outlined for me the following suggestions as a guide :

Life in Europe cannot be entirely one in which economics, finance, reparations and the price of the franc and the mark crowd out all other thoughts in the minds of the people.

They are still living and seeking to express life in terms of social contacts, of books, of art, of music, the theatre, the school and of religion ; they have thoughts about themselves other than as mere creatures of an economic system that is threatened with collapse.

What do they talk about ? What do they think about ? What sort of plays are they producing and what are they going to see ? What sort of books are they writing and reading ? What sort of art are they finding expressive of their emotions ? Do they believe they are raising their children to be cannon fodder in a few years to come, or are they determined to put wars behind them ? In short, what is the life of the person rather than of the nation ? To this he added : "Remember especially to write about women and children, nationalism and the evolution of the new generation. Prices of clothes, of food, street cars, theatres, books and papers."

In our agreement it was expressly stated that the subjects should not be binding, that I should have the right

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of selection. It was further understood that I should have the right of free expression : " Mrs. Sheridan goes with no instructions other than to write the truth as she sees it ; to write it interestingly, and above all, accurately."

It seemed to me a generous offer, as I had never done any journalism before in my life, but I accepted with some trepidation. I tried to hide my nervousness as well as my ignorance of journalistic methods, and I determined to do my best, and to trust to my initiative and my never-failing luck. Knowing so well my paper and my editor gave me confidence. It is half the battle to understand and be in sympathy with the individual for whom one is working. I was given the right of " free expression," but usually my ideas were not at all out of harmony with the policy of the great organization that I was serving.

I plunged ahead, and at the very outset fortune favoured me. I arrived in Dublin, and three days later there was Revolution. Here was my first chance of cabling " spot news." I was the only correspondent in Dublin who got into the Four Courts and interviewed Rory O'Connor. A friend on the *Freeman's Journal* assured me it was worth cabling ! He locked me in an empty room at the *Freeman's* office, with telegraph forms and pens and ink, and told me to remain there until I had finished. I had no idea even how to word my telegram, I had no knowledge of the use of " stop " or " quote " and " unquote " or of what words to abbreviate or to leave out. My friend showed me and left me. To the accompaniment of the sounds of machine-

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guns, punctuated by heavier shot, I spent at least two hours impatiently wrestling with this telegram ! Later on I had plenty of opportunities for learning my lessons. For instance, at Constantinople there was plenty of " spot news " to cable, but as I could not typewrite I was always at the mercy of a fellow-correspondent. Sometimes my own confrères of the *New York World* would come to my assistance with splendid generosity. Other times I would get help from workers on rival papers, and unfailingly they were kind and helpful and played the game.

The thing is that I always managed somehow. And as to my opportunities, those that did not come my way, were made easy by my newspaper credentials. To represent an important United States newspaper abroad is equivalent to " Open Sesame " and doors seemed just to spring open as if by magic.

I may well say that I had the time of my life. For five months I travelled wherever I chose, and with divine irresponsibility, knowing my children safe with my parents, and having therefore not a care in the world. I look back upon it as on a kind of dream days. But I confess there were moments when I forgot all about the outlined object of my travels. South-east Europe was so vibrant with events. I hurried from one National crisis to another, and sometimes there were several in different parts of Europe, and one could not make up one's mind which to go to ! I wondered all the while if I were assisting at an unusual European summer, or whether, always, Europe was in the grip of such stirring events !

But if in the absorbing interest of International

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politics I forgot my mission, at least "the women and children, and the Nationalism" were so completely involved that I did not entirely miss my object after all.

"How are they living?" I think my narrative will tell—— Into my descriptions of Irish Revolution, of starving and suffering Germany, of refugees flying from Turkey, of Turks living under Allied control in Constantinople, etc., etc., are interwoven vividly the lives of women and children.

"Do they believe they are raising their children to be cannon fodder in a few years to come, or are they determined to put wars behind them——?" To which I reply emphatically and without hesitation, that although nobody wants war, everybody was discussing the inevitable. The spirit of Nationalism, irritated by the Versailles Treaty, is chiefly responsible.

Innumerable people in each country said to me: "There is but one career for our children, they must be soldiers." "Mine shall be newspaper correspondents" I said. Everywhere in every country I found the flaming spirit of Nationalism and its involved threat to world peace. Through all this, the cost of living varied on one side of a frontier and on another, and altered from month to month, from week to week, sometimes from hour to hour.

When on occasions I got lost in the interest of a personality or an event, I met with the same generous tolerance from my editor.

I developed as men do for a public school or a regiment, a personal pride in "my" newspaper! I took myself and "it" very seriously! I wrote as if European

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affairs were the sole concern of the American public. I forgot how little interest there was in all the things which seemed to us in Europe so big, so world-widely important ! Perhaps we all worked as if the eyes of America were upon Europe.

Ten days on board the *Adriatic* on my return journey gave me my first leisure to ruminate over what I had seen and done. I felt during those days a great longing to be alone and not to talk to people. I felt myself silent, uncommunicative and having lost all my spirits. I began to realize what effect my European summer had had upon me. I felt disillusioned and apprehensive. I was appalled by what I had seen and what I had learnt.

Everything I ever believed had been shattered, and had been replaced by nothing very tangible.

I have ceased to believe in equality, freedom or justice.

Mussolini says there exists only a great inequality. And Mussolini sometimes inadvertently speaks the truth.

Freedom is the stuff that poets write about, and that soldiers think they are dying for.

Justice is desirable, and right and necessary, but justice is not compatible with government. Strength and force takes the place of justice.

When the great world of " Underman " or proletariat realize these truths, they will either resign themselves or they will rise up. Then, as violence, according to Mussolini, is the only factor of success, we shall all be hurled down to the level of the lowest inequality, or else, the minorities, for whom life holds something worth living, will increase the police force. Then one system

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of violence will repress the other. There is really going to be a contest between factions of violence.

It was very shortly after I had landed that a newspaper reporter from a women's publication asked me for an interview on "my opinions regarding women's beauty."

I felt rather impatient, for women's beauty was not the uppermost thought in my mind at that moment. But an idea had been roused in me—I suddenly saw that the beautiful women were the women with dead babies at their breasts, the women with terror and pain in their eyes, the women who starve themselves to give to their children, the women who are widowed in the fight for independence, and "Some day," I said, "the women of the United States will be more beautiful, when they have tear-stained faces."

Maybe before this book is printed Europe will be plunged headlong into another war. And one cannot help wondering if the United States will be able to preserve her aloofness.

C. S.

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England and Ireland, June, 1922

WHenever I come back to England I say to myself incredulously as I look out of the train window : This is where I belong—— This is my home—this is my country ! When it is springtime and distances are misty with that subtle bluebell screen, and the fresh young green is bursting on the tree branches, then a warm glow as of a half-remembered affection stirs me. But when, as too often, I land on a winter's day and encounter that damp grey-ness through which the sun cannot penetrate for weeks, then I feel all huddled up in gloomy horror.

Fortunately it was June when I arrived in 1922, on one of those special days when the sun was shining. It was six o'clock in the morning, and Plymouth Sound looked just as beautiful as any foreign port that one has ever admired. England through the train window looked so pretty, so carefully tended, so much loved. The hedges and the gateways, and the little houses with their flowering gardens, even the cows in their trimly enclosed pastures, looked like toys or miniature models. And what an absence of waste spaces ! Every corner of land from Plymouth to London seemed to belong to some one. How pretty it was, and green, and joyous. Such was my first impression, and I found myself react-

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ing to it just as if it were a foreign country that I had never known !

And because I lead a nomadic life it pleases me to describe the little corner of England which owns me.

Often in the wilds of Mexico, of Asia Minor, or the Balkans I have thought of its mellow sweetness, and have rejoiced that :

“ The lot has fallen to me
In a fair land, in a fair land,
Yea, Sussex by the sea ! ”

It is little enough time that I ever spend there, but it is full of memories, a lovely place to come back to after one's wanderings, and a lovable place to carry in one's heart abroad.

This last absence of mine had lasted nearly two years. I leapt out of the car that brought me, flung off my hat and gloves, scattering them on the grass, and rushed up the green sward path between the clipped yew hedges. I found my mother in a sunbonnet on the bowling green. She was reading an old faded volume of Strickland's *Queens of England*. Her background was a long tall row of blue delphiniums. As I hugged her after the longest absence I have ever made from home, I remembered that she had her origin in New York City, where I had just come from. For many years now she had looked out through fourteenth-century mullioned windows upon a world that never seems to change. Revolutions may alter the fate of nations, kings may come and go, nothing alters the serenity of her environment.

It was only during the war that great guns in France

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caused our latticed window-panes to rattle. Otherwise, during six centuries nothing has stirred the atmosphere. No new world penetrates to us, no new movements or new inventions. The house stood on its hillside before the discovery of America, and no advantage has been derived from that discovery. We still remain *sans* bathrooms, *sans* telephones, *sans* electric light or central heating. We continue to burn trees in an open grate, and in winter evenings my mother has a hot-water bottle for a footstool and a rug over her knees as though she were motoring. But in June the swallows build in the Edwardian ringlets of the grinning gargoyles outside our windows, ferns and stonecrops appear between the interstices of the stone blocks. The air is full of cuckoos, and the lark sings on the wing. The garden is heavy with roses, and my mother knows them all by name, sixteen varieties growing up from a blue haze of love-in-the-mist. Both my brothers were home unexpectedly, one after years in Mesopotamia, and another one back from the sea. It was like the traditional homecoming of the English story-book, and our parents, smiling indulgently, listened to our tales of adventure. Americanization soon wears off, and it took only a few days to slip back into the contented apathy of peace and inactivity. The old world is devitalizing to effort. One's dreams seem to fade, and the importance of work recedes. No wonder my father is not progressive, it is difficult for people in this environment to accept any new thought. It is typical of millions of English homes where there is no want, and yet no superfluity. It is the down-pillow of the world. And my mother,

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in her sunbonnet, had forgotten all about New York.

But the self-indulgence of home was not of long duration. I explained to a bewildered family that I had a roving commission from the *New York World* to tour Europe and write articles on post-war conditions. There was nothing that home could do for me except take care of my children during my absence. Dick, who had reached the responsible age of six and a half, asked me anxiously : “ But if you have a train accident and are killed, or get ill and die in a foreign country, how will any of us ever know—— ? ” Whilst Rudyard Kipling,¹ to whom I described my prospective work, asked ironically : “ Why tour Europe ? Why not stay at home and write the sort of stuff America wants to hear ? ”

“ Because,” I explained, “ I would rather tour Europe ! ”

Ireland at that moment was threatening to be interesting, and as my childhood's home in County Cork was burned to earth, and as I had dreamed of Revolution and missed it both in Mexico and in Russia, I bethought me of this chance at last.

Before starting, I asked Winston Churchill for letters of introduction to Michael Collins and Griffith. These he refused, saying that I would fare better if I proclaimed myself the correspondent of the *New York World*, and

¹ Owing to Mr. Kipling's “*démenti*” of our conversation at Burwash, and in order not to reawaken an already overrated incident, I have omitted the record of this conversation from the English Edition.—C. S.

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never mentioned his name. He advised me to take no valuables, and dispatched me with his blessing.

Before I went to Ireland I had heard a great deal, for all the talk in England was about Ireland. So many people belonged to so many different parties and had so many different points of view that ere long my mind was a kind of "Irish broth." I learned about the Free State from Winston Churchill, about the southern loyalists from Lord Midleton, about Ulster from some refugees, and of course the Republican point of view I had already acquired in the United States. Equipped with this mental catalogue, I started off to review the Irish drama and arrived during an *entr'acte*.

This was fortunate, as it enabled me to get some idea of the normal life of the people before they were re-engulfed in the abnormal conditions of rebellion and civil war.

Dublin is, of course, the centre of whatever cultured life there is in Ireland. It has a very small but very brilliant coterie that entertain one another by their own wit. Patronage of art there is none, and scarcely any social life or entertainment. All such passed away with the "Union." The great house of the Dukes of Leinster is now a museum. The beautiful Jacobean mansion of Lady Blessington is a nunnery and night refuge for the destitute. The home of the Sheridans, in which Richard Brinsley was born, is now a wretched tenement like the rest of the Georgian and Queen Anne houses in what was once a distinguished residential district and is now a squalid slum. The invariable refrain to every question, "Ah, that was before the

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Union," or "That was caused by the Union," points to the decay that set in as the result of that ill-omened measure.

There is a terrible housing shortage. Tuberculosis and deformity among children are rampant as a result of poverty, congested living conditions and adverse climate. Yet, with all this misery, there are still the jokes and the laughter. People cannot always weep, and amid a life so drab, tears turn to laughter and misfortune becomes a jest. Such is the Irish temperament.

I heard a good deal about the conditions of the people from Dr. Oliver Gogarty, of whom George Moore has written (in his "Salve—Hail and Farewell"), "Gogarty, the arch-mocker, the author of all the jokes that enable us to live in Dublin."

The Gogartys had a garden in the heart of Dublin, where one met not only the intellectual shining lights, but also the Government leaders :—Michael Collins, whose life, according to Gogarty, is "a significant series of winks" ; Arthur Griffith, the terse, graceless and uncommunicative ; Darrel Figgis, that "symphony in rust," who wears chestnut-coloured tweeds to match his beard, which was mercilessly trimmed by Republican reprisal the day before I arrived. Here, too, one met "A. E.," the only man in Ireland who is not criticized and who, according to George Moore, "flows into rhyme and metre as easily as into line and colour." Here came Stephen McKenna, the immortal W. B. Yeats, with Lady Gregory sitting at his feet, and James Stephens, author of *The Crock of Gold*, half human and half faerie, who talked of vanished worlds and non-

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material things. He told me about the novel in five volumes that he was writing of an Irish tradition handed down from the bronze age. He is a man intensely Irish and full of pride of race, who referred to the English as "the barbarians," for such they were always called in Irish literature. There were poets and kings in Ireland when the English were savages painted blue. And because Ireland is the older civilization the Kings of England, he said, should style themselves "Kings of Ireland and England" instead of in the reverse order.

Speaking fluent Gaelic, he insisted that the Irish language was so all-important because it alone stood between Ireland and Americanization. "We have nothing more to fear," he said, "from England—that is finished ; our danger now is from America, lest we become a suburb of New York." He added hastily : "American culture may be all right, but we want to be ourselves, not Americanized." James Stephens believes that the culture of the world is being transferred from England, France and Germany, to America, Russia and Italy. "America is outgrowing her youth," he said, "Russia is outgrowing her slavery and Italy is awakening from her forgetfulness."

On June 22, I left Dublin for Cork on a pilgrimage to the home of my childhood.

For fifteen years I had not seen it, and just a year ago it was burned down by Sinn Fein. Dr. Gogarty took me to the station and confided me to the care of Mr. Barry Egan, the Deputy-Lord Mayor of Cork. I noticed a large special coach labelled "reserved," and was told that Michael Collins was expected.

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At the last minute a young man with the stride of a giant and the physique of a bull rushed on to the platform, caught sight of Barry Egan and beckoned him to join him. Egan consented on condition that I should accompany him, and thus it was that we did the four hours' journey to Cork together. The private car in which we travelled had been built for the Prince of Wales (afterward King Edward VII) for one of those visits to Ireland that occur perhaps once in a lifetime of an English King. Michael Collins sat back in his corner too tired for talk, too thoughtful for sleep. He looked like the familiar marble busts of Caligula. Hair growing strangely low on his forehead, a short nose slightly arched and his mouth hard until he smiled. But he seemed a very young Caligula, young enough to be full of fight, too young perhaps for the responsibilities of a new State in the making. After an interval of rest he asked me why I was going to Cork. I said it was to revisit the ashes of my burned home at Innishannon. He smiled grimly. "We will give compensation for those burned places," he said. I looked wonderingly, not always nimble-minded enough to follow the intricacies of Irish factions. "Oh, so your people did it——!" 14,576

"We had to," he explained: "as a reprisal for every cottage burned by the military (the Black and Tans before the treaty) we burnt a house of a hundred times the value."

Collins comes from a little place called Clonakilty, fifteen miles from Innishannon. The tradition in Ireland is that if you mention Clonakilty, the reply is: "Lord

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help us ! ” Collins told us a story of the native of Clonakilty who went to the United States and was at once taken to see Broadway. To the disappointment of his friends he did not seem at all impressed. He remarked : “ It’s just like Main Street, Clonakilty ! ” and when he saw Niagara : “ Ah ! that is Clonakilty on a wet day.”

As we looked out of the train window he and Barry Egan agreed there should be less grazing and more agriculture. Collins observed :

“ It’s an easy life to put your hands in your pockets and whistle a tune while the grass grows and the cattle get fat, but tilling gives employment, they must——”

“ How can you make people plough who don’t want to ? ” I interrupted.

“ By taxing the grazing land ! ” he said with a chuckle.

I asked if the appointment of a Catholic for the first time as Viceroy had conciliated public opinion. Collins and Egan looked at one another with amusement. Egan related how Cardinal Logue, the Primate of Ireland, replied to a similar question that it had no more effect than if the British Government had sent over a Catholic executioner. After a while we talked of America, and Collins said that the only attitude to adopt toward Ulster was that of the United States toward Vermont. I asked why every one seemed so apathetic in regard to American opinion ; had American opinion ceased to be of value ? Collins replied that it was still of immense value, and that one must never forget how entirely due it was to America that Ireland had been able to win. Not only had the United States contributed several

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million dollars to support the fight, but also £1,000,000 through the White Cross in aid of the destitute.

"No cause can succeed," he said, "where hunger prevails, and the United States saved us from hunger. But at the present moment De Valera has so lowered the prestige of Ireland in America as everywhere else in the world that there is nothing for us to do but to stand on our own feet, quite alone and indifferent to foreign opinion, for the next few years."

I listened with rapt interest while the two, apparently oblivious of my presence, proceeded to discuss the methods whereby England had sought to subdue Ireland before the treaty. They agreed that if England had conducted her campaign "with even average intelligence" the Irish rebellion would have been strangled. They expressed amazement that England had not acted, with everything at her disposal.

"What would *you* have done if *you* had been England?" Barry Egan asked Collins. He replied unhesitatingly :

"Why, simply have dismantled the railways, closed the banks and blockaded the ports. Ireland would have been paralysed." It was destiny which had saved the Irish people.

Later we got on to the subject of Russia, which interested Barry Egan. He was full of curiosity about Lenin and Trotsky. Collins's only remark was to the effect that they (the Russian leaders) were unwise to have gone so far at the beginning. They should have been content with less and would have attained their goal in time.

We were interrupted at every station by people who

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opened the carriage door for a sight of him, apologizing, asking for a handshake or throwing in a word of welcome. Some wanted to show him to their children, and he gave them greeting in Gaelic. Finally, at Cork, he was received by a cheering crowd and disappeared.

CHAPTER 2

Ireland, June, 1922

IT was strange that, all unconsciously, I had chosen the anniversary of the burning of my home as the day of my first return after fifteen years. The drive from Cork took under an hour. The sun was shining—for the first time since my arrival in Ireland. The fields were full of yellow iris, the hedgerows lined with foxglove and the ditches bright with green splashes of *Osmunda Regalis* fern. Here and there was a burned-out farm with strangely well-preserved outer walls still gay with flowering creepers. The owners were living in outhouses and yards among their animals. These incendiarisms were perpetrated by the Black and Tans or the "Military," as the people called them. Until the treaty every one lived in terror and trouble was almost unavoidable. Whoever reported to the military was shot by the Sinn Feiners, whoever withheld information from the military was burned out for "being in collusion." So quite non-political people suffered—Protestants as well as Catholics.

Fifteen miles brought me to the village of Innishannon, where I used to know every one by name in every cottage all down the street. At a turn in the road the car climbed a hill and deposited me before my own gate, which was locked.

"Do you need to have the gate unlocked?" the driver asked me.

"I do not," I said, "it feels more like fifteen years

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ago to scale the wall." And so I got into the wood and through the garden that was untidy with weeds and smelling like heaven with hedges of syringa. When I came in sight of home, its old walls standing up against the blue sky in emptiness, I began to tremble all over with a rigor of emotion. Most of my childhood from eight years old had been spent here. It was the sort of place that children love, where lessons, law and order are out of place. Here I with my brothers ran wild and barefoot. The river was our playground, and a boat that used to get jammed in the rapids was our toy. Every one in the village was our friend, and because the most notorious of poachers had taught us all how to throw a fly, my father knew better than to ask him where he had caught the salmon he brought to our house for sale. Yet, in spite of all our friendships, our gate was sometimes draped with crape. Cattle would be turned into our garden at night, the apple orchard would be cut down wantonly. Even the fish hatchery, where my father bred salmon and turned them into the river for the common good, would have its water supply cut off.

After a while, because my parents spent the season in London and my brothers were sent to English schools, we began to be known as "absentee landlords" and people said we spent the rents in England. Our friends who smiled at us in the village by day made life uncertain by night. And so at last we had to rent the home we loved to strangers, and the family transferred to England.

After so many years I still remembered every tree

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and flowering shrub around the house and every little incident of the past came surging back. It seemed to me that the ghost of a little girl who had once been me was leading me by the hand and saying, "Don't you remember?" One climbing Gloire de Dijon rose survived the fire and bloomed around my brother's bedroom window. Nothing was left inside that ever had been, except in the hall two rusty twisted radiators. An old gate was thrown across the open doorway. I tried to push my way in, but stopped (and my heart also) at the sound of a long-drawn wail. I leaned back only to find, to my shame, that the wind was swinging the stable door. Not all the tangled flowers could dispel the sense of deadness. In spite of the sunshine there prevailed a sinister impression of banshees floating through the blackened ruins.

When I returned to the car a woman, all excited, came running down the road.

"Ah, Miss Clare! God bless ye, and wouldn't I know ye anywhere with your pretty face not changed at all? And sure I'll never work again for any lady as good as your mother—and never was there a gentleman like your father, the beautiful soul, the good man! If the people in the village knew ye were here they'd be lightin' tar barrels to welcome ye!"

"Ah, you are full of blarney," I said, "you have fine manners and great hearts!" I put my arm around her and as she talked we walked up the hill to see another charred ruin of a big house. Five houses were burned on the same night. I asked where the people were who owned them. One had been shot, some had fled

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to England or lived in lodgings in the village on a charity grant.

I gathered what life had become for people of all classes during the last few years. They still spoke in undertones, with furtive glances, fearing to be overheard, none trusting the other. Some dared not speak at all about those days or, having spoken, swore me to secrecy: "You must not confide in anyone. You cannot tell who are your friends or your enemies. There are police—not dressed as police—who still watch everything and every one." Some people seemed to have lost all sense of values and to have dulled their minds through the effort of trying to live in unaccustomed destitution. Families that had known prosperity and comfort were now forced to eke out an existence by churning butter and selling farm produce. Labour is so expensive that it is prohibitive. The sale of produce is uncertain and the value depreciated. Conditions for the working people are not much worse than they ever were, but for the middle and upper classes life is very difficult. Rudyard Kipling was right when he said to me, "Why go to Russia? Go to Ireland!"

I talked with an old friend for a long time. We sat in the sun on what remained of a rustic seat in an angle of the gutted castle. There was dignity in the silhouettes of the empty turrets and a picturesqueness which, but for the charred ivy, would have suggested an ancient ruin. My friend, who was a widow, had lived frugally with her daughter, preciously preserving the inheritance for a son who was seeking his fortune in the colonies. "They" (the Sinn Feiners) had pickaxed her front

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door at two in the morning. She had come down to the door herself. "What do you want, boys?"

"We have orders to burn the house," they answered.

"God help us! How long will you give us to get out?"

"Twenty minutes," said one voice. "Half an hour," said another.

She asked them to help her and her daughter save a few things. The men consented and worked like beavers. Her own account is somewhat incoherent but human.

"I stooped to pick up some clothes that were being thrown out of the window to me, and a pile of books were showered down on my bent head. I thought it was bricks, and that my end had come. And, oh my, the lovely things that were burned! But I sent a man through the window into the dining-room and told him where he'd find a packet of tea in the cupboard, for it's a cup o' tea we'll be needing when this is over, I said to him, and he brought me the packet. Then I sent him back for the sugar, and he plunged through the choking smoke, reached the sugar and brought out a little Queen Anne silver sugar bowl as well, and he said to me, 'Maybe ye'll be pleased to have that saved,' and I was indeed glad. Then we slept in the coach-house for two weeks. Mary (her daughter) and I, and the cow-man. He was so good, the cow-man, never to leave us through all those times." And so I heard the tales, one very like another. Seldom any complaint, and generally no bitterness, but deep regrets, an indelible fear, and a great anxiety as to the future.

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Before I drove away I stood on the parapet of the old bridge which spans the Bandon River, and I listened to the water flowing over the rapids. It sounded quite different from any other river and came back to me as a long-forgotten song. When I passed the forge the blacksmith ran out and shook me warmly by the hand. I said to him : " I think that all the troubles are over now and we are going to have peace and prosperity." He looked anxiously around him to see if anyone had overheard and did not answer. Further on, a man lying idly beneath the elms by the roadside looked up, smiled and waved his hand. Everybody in the village stared, hesitated and then smiled.

I thought of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird," where everybody and everything that had been dead for years came to life when they were remembered. Innishannon was such a world—a world long dead—and the phantoms came to life, smiled at me and waved in recognition as I passed by. It would all be dead again—to-morrow. My home is dead too, just like the past. It is nothing but a shell that holds one's memories.

Later in the day I returned to Cork. Barry Egan took me to the Court House to call on Callaghan, the Lord Mayor. Callaghan is a Republican who had just been badly defeated at the elections and felt rather sore in consequence. The elections, however, do not necessarily mean the people's desire for the Free State so much as an overwhelming desire for peace. The success of the Free State may bring them peace, but voting for the republic can only mean renewed fighting with England. What this fighting means is illustrated

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by Patrick Street, one side of which is razed to the ground. This time last year reprisal followed reprisal, equally thorough, equally merciless, upon either side. To-day wooden shacks with zinc roofs cover an untidy jumble of inferior goods where stood formerly the big commercial stores that were the pride and prosperity of Ireland's southern capital. I went into a book store and asked for a history of Ireland, and secured the one which is now taught in the schools. Until I read that history I really believed that peace and order would shortly be restored, but after reading it I was overwhelmed, first with horror at England and then with despair over Ireland. The record, apart from foreign oppression, is one long series of wars or predatory raids between the great chieftains. In 1013 the King of Leinster made war on the King of Meath because of a row they had over a game of chess. It was another King of Leinster, Dermott MacMurrough, who in 1166 first brought in the English by seeking the aid of Henry II of England against his rival King Roderick O'Connor. Dane, Saxon, Spaniard, 'all were welcome if only by such an alliance some hated rival or fellow chieftain might be overthrown. Not even the advent of a foreign enemy could unite them in a common cause. Rivalry and jealousy have always characterized their policy. Not only have they fought each other continually, but they have betrayed and murdered one another.

The land, when it was not being devastated by the English, was being devastated by the Irish. The champions of lost causes, they have twice bankrupted

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themselves in supporting the cause of two futile and banished British Kings.

Even the position to-day is not without its parallel in Irish History. In 1642 the country was distracted by four factions. For the "Old Irish" read Republicans, for the "Old Anglo-Irish Catholics" read Free Staters, for the Puritans read Orangemen and for the Royalist Party read Southern Loyalists, and the analogy is complete. Never has there been any unity or fraternity among the Irish or any discipline in their rebellions.

That Ireland has been victimized and cruelly exploited is a fact in Irish history. That her people are cruelly exploitable is no less a fact in Irish psychology.

Dare one hope that Ireland to-day is sure of what she wants, or, being sure, she means to have it ; that, having got, she can maintain it ? Dare one hope that she will follow one leader loyally, unswervingly ? Is it possible that Ireland may some day be constructive instead of destructive ? And that her people will learn to look forward with belief instead of looking backward with bitterness ?

CHAPTER 3

Irish Rebellion, June, 1922

HOW is one to write of Irish life, and Irish homes, and Irish thought, without intruding politics? Everything is politics in Ireland, even the colour of your tie, or where you send your laundry. And politics are so involved, so un-simple, it is impossible not to "put one's foot into it."

But quite apart from the people who live in terror of being misunderstood, indiscreetly reported, unjustly attacked, or innocently victimized, there is another kind of people who love excitement and grow radiant with expectancy of trouble. These people I found principally in the streets of Dublin. When Rory O'Connor's men were reported to have sallied out of the Four Courts to commandeer a whole garage full of motor-cars, I hurried to the spot of interest.

Nothing, however, was happening. A crowd stood expectantly watching the armoured cars which commanded the plate-glass windows. Inside, one beheld the Free State soldiers, who had arrested the Republican General. Not a shot was fired, but, as a fellow in the crowd said to me, "Something'll sure happen soon ; it's working up for a scrap !" He said it so hopefully I was hopeful too. I told him I had come all the way from America "to see a show." He quite understood, and although I knew I ought to feel ashamed of my

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feelings, it couldn't be helped—the contagion was in the air. My friend in the street was right—something did happen soon. The trivial incident of the garage raid meant more than any of us at the time imagined.

The next day, Tuesday (June 27), the Republicans captured the Free State General, O'Connell, and announced that they held him as hostage against the Republican General captured in the garage. Wild rumours were in the air. Rory O'Connor was supposed to have sent an ultimatum to the British telling them to clear their troops out. Winston Churchill made a speech saying Rory must be turned out. Every one asked whether Collins would be forced to act. The Free State champions were furious and said they would act as they liked and when they liked, and not be dictated to by England.

I bethought me that if I wanted to get into the Four Courts and see Rory there was not much time to lose. Accordingly I went to Republican headquarters and flourished my *New York World* credentials. I pointed out that it was not possible to write articles on the Irish situation if one heard only the Free State side. I insisted it was enormously important that I get into the law courts. Accordingly, they looked up Sir John Ross, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in the telephone book and got Rory. He answered vaguely that if I came down to the gate in about an hour he might be able to see me. I was there in an hour, handed my letter of introduction through the bars, and said I had an appointment with the General, and that, moreover, he had promised not

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to keep me standing half an hour outside. On this the gate was unlocked, I was given a chair and allowed to wait in the courtyard.

The place swarmed with very young boys, some as young as fifteen. They had no uniforms, but were heavily armed. Cartridge belts over serge suits seemed the dominant note. Rifles were clicked and rattled the while every one laughed and joked and made merry. I could not help thinking how many boys in England would love to be trusted with a gun, who perhaps would be more careful. It seemed as though a whole college of boys were being allowed to play with loaded rifles. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" is no longer allowed to be acted in Dublin. The Irish have grown supersensitive. But here they were, armies of playboys, playing with fire, the real Playboys of the Western World.

After a long wait I was led across two courtyards full of lorries and armoured cars inscribed in big white letters, "The Mutineer." In the heart of a building we climbed a wide, stone stair. Through an office in which were men and women at desks we passed into an inner office. There I was left alone with Rory O'Connor, who placed a chair for me facing the glass panel of the door. We were easily watched. On the table next to me was a big revolver. I kept wondering if it were loaded. Next to him was a still bigger one. All the time we talked he played abstractedly with revolver bullets, arranging them in military formations.

He began rather guardedly by saying he would rather

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make a written statement, as he always liked to have time to think. I agreed with him.

After a short talk we became more interested in the future of Ireland and less conscious of our journalistic position.

He talked in a very deep voice, and very slowly and deliberately. Now and then he would look up from his regiment of bullets with a smile so sad it seemed full of foreboding. He was typically the Irish patriot, thin and ascetic, his white face sunken, revealing the bone formation. His eyes are deep set. He was clean shaven and dressed plainly, in dark clothes. His speech was that of a scholarly man and he seemed imbued with the spirituality of a fanatic. He said :

"I would rather see us back in Westminster under protest than part of the British Empire by voluntary consent," and added later : "Irishmen will walk into English jails with their heads high, but they never can hold their heads high as subjects of a British colony."

He claimed the Irish had the British morally beaten at the time of the truce, and that Lloyd George could have been forced into treating with De Valera if Michael Collins had not accepted what he did. But the treaty making Ireland a Free State had lost them their strategic position and everything Ireland had fought for. I asked him if his love of Ireland was hatred of England ?

He turned on me that enigmatic smile.

"Ah, no, it is not hatred of England," and after a pause he said : "Collins is not a leader. I know Collins ; we have fought together ; one gets to know a

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fellow pretty well under those conditions. Collins is not a leader, he is an opportunist. He is also a bully."

Here he broke off to explain that he did not use the word "bully" in a derogatory sense; on the contrary, he thought it very useful, and sometimes very important, to be a bully. He said that if England's reason for not granting Ireland her freedom was a fear of Ireland's enmity in case of war, this was unfounded. If Ireland were a republic, she would be a friendly neighbour, but so long as Ireland is forcibly attached, Ireland will be a menace. "It has always been said by foreign peoples that before England can be invaded Ireland will have to be invaded first, and if England persists in her policy we shall certainly be allies of her enemies in the next war. If the Boer War had lasted another three months we should have been there; our organization was very nearly complete."

I asked if he believed he could make a successful republic if he had it in his hands.

"Yes," he replied. "I don't see why a republic shouldn't easily be a success. I don't dream of an Ireland smoking with chimney stacks, I don't think factories bring conditions of happiness, but we could be a very prosperous rural people, and could afford to buy what ships we need for our export."

At that moment the telephone rang, and from what I could make of the one-sided conversation he must have been answering a press representative. He said :

"No, it is not customary for us to answer speeches

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of British Ministers ; they may say what they like, it makes no difference—what is that?—they are ‘going to blow us out of here’? Just say that when they come we are ready for them.”

And he rang off. I said :

“Surely you will not stay here? They will blow the walls and roof down on to your head. You haven’t an earthly chance.” He shrugged his shoulders with a kind of fatalistic indifference.

“Then I’ll go down in the ruins, or in the flames.”

When we said good-bye, we looked at one another intently, but did not speak our thoughts. I imagined I was shaking hands with a man about to die. Alone I made my way back across the courtyards to the gate. A ragged crowd, as in a French Revolutionary film, were gazing through the bars. They made way for me to pass out, and watched me wonderingly as I walked along the quays by the Liffey. Glancing back over my shoulders at the beautiful building, with its central copper dome and its defiant sand-bagged windows, they seemed a heroic little band of rebels in the midst of a world of opposition.

An hour after my interview with Rory O’Connor I was at the Republican Headquarters at Suffolk Street talking to De Valera. He looked like a gigantic bird of prey and had a great flow of rapid talk. It was a deadlock moment ; there was tension in the air. I gathered he had not the faintest idea what was to come next. His whole preoccupation, so far as I could make out, was over “Document No. 2”—the draft of a

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constitution drawn up by himself and rejected by Lloyd George. He insisted I should have a copy of Document No. 2 and compare it with the Constitution of the Free State. His great bitterness was that Collins and Griffith, his two envoys, whom he had sent to London to parley, had been "got at" by those English politicians. He told me of an old man somewhere down in the country with whom he had been talking, and who had said, "The trouble with you leaders is that you are all so jealous of each other you can get nothing done," to which De Valera answered, "It is not jealous that we are, but imagine to yourself that you send your trusted farm-hand into market, you instruct him to bring you back a cow, and he brings you—a donkey."

And that was the trouble. Collins and Griffith did not bring what they were sent to get. He said the oath of allegiance alone would make it impossible for decent Irishmen to take part in public life. He is difficult to quote, his statements not being very concise.

The following dawn, it being Wednesday, Dublin was awakened by terrific gunfire. I mistook it for thunder until the sound of machine-gun fire explained. My first thought was "poor Rory"—I hoped they would not kill him. Sleep was impossible; one made futile journeys down to the front hall. Other people appeared and sleepily questioned the night porter. No information of any value was forthcoming. At 6 a.m. the artillery fire mingled with the church bells summoning people to mass.

A housemaid with her carpet sweeper went about her morning business as usual. She was becaped and neat

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and quite serene. I sent her for some tea. When she brought it I asked her who was doing the shooting.

"The Free State troops," she answered.

I said I guessed it was they, because they fired their machine-guns so badly. Instead of going off "tap-tap-tap——" it went "rr-i-p."

She said: "Ah, they fire it like that very quickly, because then it does not kill so many people."

"Are there many casualties, do you think?" I asked.

"Ah no!—it's too early yet—they won't be having casualties before 12!" At 9 a.m. I was at the Gogartys. They were not yet up. Dublin is not easily roused by these incidents; they are blasé.

After I had breakfasted with them, Dr. Gogarty took me in his car down to the quays. There was a goodly crowd, but one could not get very near. Even so, the bullets came whistling close and chipping bits off the wall next to us. We turned back, crossed the Liffey, and went around to the back of the Four Courts as near as we dared. I got out and mingled with the crowd of working people standing outside their homes. They said to me:

"Do you know you are in the line of fire?—that a man was shot dead just where you are standing now?"

"What about yourselves?" I asked of women with their babies standing round all unconcerned. Dr. Gogarty was laughing heartily with some men.

"What is the joke?" I asked. The joke was that

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all the Free State Generals were going round on their inspection tours in Ford cars, and Gogarty's car, as such, was a special target for snipers. I jumped in and we went back as fast as possible. Round the corner was the Hamilton Hospital, to which Dr. Gogarty belonged. We went in. The first casualties were beginning to arrive.

All the patients in the ward were astir with interest. A little boy of ten had been brought in dead. His face was ivory, the colour of his fair hair. His hands were crossed upon his chest ; over the heart was a small red spot where the bullet had penetrated.

He was kept four days and then buried, unidentified, unclaimed. The other victim was a workman, wounded below the knee. A primitive tourniquet inadequately prevented the flow of blood, which was dripping rapidly into a pan.

A monk was engaged, it seemed to me, in tickling the soles of his bare feet, but Dr. Gogarty said he was being blessed. I begged that something be done immediately to stop the flow of blood, but I was assured he would come to no harm for a few minutes and we must not interrupt the religious ceremony. The man was about to make his confession, and he looked up at the monk as a frightened child looks at its mother.

Just as we were leaving, a strange procession hurried up the street. It seemed like something one had seen on a Greek bas-relief. Men, half running, staggered under the weight of a limp body. Women swathed in shawls followed after them, and their wailing had the

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cadence of music and their weeping was like a Greek chorus :

"Ah, the poor man, the poor man !"

"He lived so long, so long."

"There was no better man."

"The poor old man."

Their words faded away into the strange "keening" sound, the rhythmic wailing, and they covered their heads with their shawls. This victim was indeed a very old man, grey-haired and toothless. A bullet had entered behind the ear. We left the women on the hospital steps moaning over the blood-drenched sheet and cursing the name of Rory O'Connor. I went down to the quays again. The crowd was denser than ever. It looked like a holiday. I talked to anyone next to me. There was at that moment a feeling of republicanism.

"It isn't a fair game," some one was saying ; "there are too many against them." And again : "Do you mind now, it is the British Government putting Collins up to this."

A bullet whizzing too near made the crowd retreat, but only for a minute, and then they surged back again like a sea wave. Before long Republican snipers were all over the town ; it became an adventure even to step outside one's front door. Invariably the civilian was hit and not the soldier. People went about their business with their lives in their hands. The shops had to close and ambushes caused much havoc.

On Thursday, June 29, the fighting had taken on a

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different aspect and looked more formidable. Most of the Republicans were reported out of the Four Courts,—rumour said that even Rory was out. They had scattered themselves all over the town and occupied various houses. Some were the houses of sympathizers, others they took by force. They wore no uniforms and sniped at those who did. The sight or sound of an armoured car set people running in every direction to get out of the firing range. Meanwhile, after twenty-four hours, the Four Courts continued to be bombarded. No doubt a serious and determined effort would have finished the job in half an hour, but Collins and his officers dared not give too stringent orders or their men might refuse to fight. The firing of a sixty-pounder loaded with shrapnel made the greatest noise with the least amount of damage, and the London newspapers, judging only by the noise, wrote with satisfaction at the stern measures at last being taken by the Provisional Government.

No doubt the Provisional Government were doing their best ; they knew the temper of their own people and conducted the campaign in the wisest way. Strangely enough, the people remained detached and very good-humoured. No one took violent sides. A civilian Free Stater and a civilian Republican, standing side by side, watched the bombardment across the Liffey and argued good-naturedly about their respective points of view.

At ten o'clock that morning, when there was a lull in the firing, I sent down to the hall porter to ask if this meant that the Four Courts had surrendered. He

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sent back to say that they had not surrendered, but thought each side was having breakfast !

Later, when I was calling at the Shelbourne Hotel, there were two plain-clothes men at the top of the steps, arms folded, and revolver barrels sticking out under their left elbows. The office clerk, interrogated on the subject, said : " I'm sure I don't know which side they belong to, but they are on duty ! " I had a talk with the Provost of Trinity College, a charming Bishop, with the normal, law-abiding conventionality. He said he was at heart a Unionist, and that he did not care about the Free State, but that as it represented the Government in power he would do all he could to help it.

" It is one's duty," he said, " to assist the Government," to which I remarked, " As you would a Republican Government if it came into power ? " and he assented.

I suppose there are a great mass of such law-abiding people who instinctively and without protest accept and conform to whatever side wins.

On Friday, June 30, the Dail was postponed and the Four Courts surrendered, blew up and proceeded to burn unquenchably. Rory O'Connor did *not* " go down in the ruins or the flames,"¹ and when, finally, an explosion filled the sky with fragmentary documents, Winston Churchill philosophically told the British people that " A State without archives is better than archives without a State."

That evening I left Ireland. The ship was crowded

¹ Rory O'Connor was taken prisoner, kept in Mountjoy Prison, and shot for reprisal six months later.

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with women and children refugees. From the deck one could see the columns of smoke from the burning Four Courts rising high and mingling with the stormy sunset. The Playboys of the Western World had played their part.

CHAPTER 4

Paris, July, 1922

AFTER the Irish drama I set out for Paris, but without any feeling of interest or pleasure. It seemed to me there would be little enough copy to gather in a place that is the rendezvous of the world, and especially of Americans. But I hoped to see Anatole France, and with that in mind the journey seemed worth while. It was the beginning of my wanderings abroad, and I never had been quite alone abroad before I learnt on this first occasion what I proved during every journey for five months that followed, which is that one may start off alone, but one never arrives alone !

Four hours alone in a compartment with one other person makes it impossible not to get into conversation.

Upon this occasion, my companion from Boulogne to Paris was a young man of obvious foreign appearance. He had the small head and well-bred features of a Semitic Spaniard. He was rather slim, with long, white girlish hands, almost an Aubrey Beardsley type, with a blasé expression.

I was reading the Russian section of the *Manchester Guardian* "Reconstruction in Europe" series. After the usual preliminary "open the window and luggage help" introduction, he pointed out an article in my paper which was written "by his chief," who happened to be the manager and owner of the Great Eastern Bank of Marmorosh Blank and Cie, Bucharest. The young man himself was sub-director of that bank. I, being a

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newspaper correspondent, would sooner or later pass through Bucharest. He hoped I would allow him to "be at my service" when I did. Meanwhile, was I going to stay with friends in Paris? No? To a little hotel somewhere off the Champs Élysées. Did I know Paris?

I explained that I had been to Paris often enough, but that as a girl I lived in a convent at Auteuil, and that when I returned to Paris for my honeymoon I was taken to see Versailles and the Château de Malmaison, that was all I knew of Paris! My companion said that he, too, had been brought up in that sort of way, but, he explained shyly, he knew Paris now, and would be delighted to show it to me if I would allow him to.

I said that my chief, the editor of the *New York World*, was in Paris with his wife, but he cut me short: "I will show you Paris that is not the American Paris!" I thanked him, and when we reached our destination he took charge of all my luggage, placed me in a huge car that had come to meet him, and deposited me with great care at my little hotel off the Champs Élysées.

During four days that followed, my newly found friend called for me in his car and took me out to luncheon, and fetched me every evening to show me Paris night-life. He seemed to know, his way about most unhesitatingly. And this . . . I said to myself after the first few hours . . . This is Paris! This playhouse of the world is the crystallized heart of France!

Is it the neutral foreigner who is dancing on her prostrate heart? Or is it the heart of France that is mending, that is seeking forgetfulness in delirious

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amusement, effacing the bloodstains and the tears with noisy gaiety ?

Who were these overdressed, hard-faced, overpainted young women, and who these leisured young men who thronged the restaurants and danced from three o'clock in the afternoon ? They began in the Bois de Boulogne, at "Madrid," at the "Acacias," at "Armenonville " by daylight, until the following dawn. Champagne flowed like water, and the parties that used to cost fifty francs a head before the war now cost 350. And there were plenty of them. Women in sleeveless dresses clothed their arms with diamond bangles, row on row, sapphires and emeralds breaking the monotony. What clothes ! What sable and chinchilla wraps to save their fragile forms from the cold and damp of an unprecedented summer ! Perhaps these are some of the people who have enriched themselves with the millions that were voted for the reconstruction of devastated France.

Meanwhile there was much gossip of a gorgeous party given by the Russian Grand Duke Boris and his wife. Champagne and out-of-season foods, rare flowers and Russian dancers reminded one of Russian pre-war feasts. Even Parisians wondered where the money came from that paid it all. Paris so anti-Bolshevik was growing to be almost anti-*émigré*. Paris admitted that misfortune had not taught the Russians anything ; the old regime still persisted in openly declaring that freedom was not for the people and that the only way to manage the peasant was with the knout.

The *émigré* seemed to have come to stay and was a

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permanent perplexity on the hands of the French. The distinguished visitor in distress was now a household heritage. But so long as a Grand Duke sold a jewel to give a Roman feast there was little ground for complaint, at least among the crowd of feasters.

At the Place Vendôme lived a pale-faced young Grand Duke who was seen to slip out of his hotel furtively at midnight. Some said he would be the next Czar. He has kept his night-watch in Paris haunts the while his Generals, subsidized by foreign hopes, set out at intervals to blaze a hopeless Russian trail!

To revisit Paris with a proper appreciation one should not have come direct from the hard-working, struggling life of New York. Paris represented a world that the Russian Upheaval tried to wipe out: a world of splendourful vacuity. Paris is the Paradise of Parasites.

All the futile pleasure-hunters of the world meet here. And Paris self-consciously explains: "It is the Americans who like these things," or, "It is for the Americans, we have to attract them." But the young men one saw were not American, for at that age the American man is working too hard to dance in Paris. Nor was that an American woman whose toy dog matched her coat. One wondered which was bought to go with which. Although Americans like dancing, like gambling, like spending, like being free of Prohibition, there are some things even outside of America that they don't like. And I know they don't like filth. In Paris I saw places and heard things where there were no Americans. If only on account of the law, I may not, as I would like to, describe them.

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The air was full of sex complex. The books, the papers and the theatres have accomplished the nudity of mind compared to which the nudity of form is negligible. Paris has progressed beyond the indecent, it has become shock-proof. Perhaps the strangest of all new changes in France was in the position of woman. Paris used to be the kingdom of the feminine. Paris was emblematically the mistress of all the lovers of the world. But to-day there is a new sex complex, and it is no longer the man and woman hand in hand who arouse comment.

I asked a Frenchman (membre de l'Académie) if he had read the new book called *Ulysses* by Joyce, the Irish writer. *Ulysses* is published in Paris because it cannot be published in England. United States officials are forgetting to look for liquor, in their mad hunt for *Ulysses*. But my French friend said he had not heard of it. "We have so much obscene literature on the bookstands that a new, even a foreign one, does not attract much attention !"

It is probably harder to get at the heart of things in France than in any other country in Europe. One probes and one probes and one seldom strikes bedrock. Unlike the Italians, the Spaniards or the Russians, the French are not a hospitable people. It is well known they seldom open their doors and never their hearts to a foreigner.

As to French good manners, that, too, is a delusion. The method of the masses is to prove their equality by a display of insolence. As some one said of them : "They have the manner but not the manners." Con-

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trasting vividly in my mind is the Mexican Indian with his beautiful Spanish manner of a grand seigneur, a manner not acquired but coming straight from the heart. Both in the remotest village or the tourist-contaminated towns of Mexico one always received courteous treatment. In Paris even the waiter of a small restaurant on the boulevard heckled me when I hesitated over the menu and then metaphorically flung the plates at my head.

I tried in vain to engage his attention for some small request and finally was obliged to throw a spoon at him to make him take notice. After this our relations improved. He laughed and I laughed, and he became quite attentive. I suppose we were getting closer to his ideal of "fraternity."

But if the leisured internationals disgust one with their vulgar expenditure, the "petit-bourgeois" world takes its pleasures in a harmless way. There was a fair in the street near Montmartre. This was brilliantly illumined and noisy and crowded. Well-dressed young women disported themselves on wild merry-go-rounds, swing-boats, razzle-dazzles and mountain scenics with all the joyousness of children.

Close by there was the restaurant called the "Heaven and Hell" where a motley collection of over-excited young men were sitting, drinking, at a long refectory table. The hall was decorated like the inside of a church, a berobed and priest-like individual made a profane sermon from a pulpit. The noisy young men who vociferously cheered my entry, interrupted the sermon with their indecent jests. A sacristan paraded the

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"golden calf," which he held up to the priest for blessing. On a pedestal in one corner stood an overlifesized, flesh-coloured statue of a pig sitting on its hind legs. This was an object of great attention, and received endearing words as well as passionate embraces on the snout. I suppose this was meant to be "hell." After a while we were led upstairs to "heaven" and there witnessed a series of *tableaux vivants* in which young women played a very undressed part, and were not a very stimulating spectacle.

From there to "Le Néant" in the same street, where an undertaker served drinks on a coffin for a table, lighted with tapers. The place was hung with skulls and human fragments, and the light gave every one a corpse-like pallor. There were many morbid jokes, and afterward, by an optical illusion, one was treated to a curious spectacle: a living man stood upright in an upturned coffin. As one watched him he decomposed until nothing was left but a skeleton. It was a nasty sight, and much unnecessary philosophy was forced upon one. As a young woman was leaving, the undertaker, by way of farewell greeting, wished her a stillborn child in the coming year!

After this we sought a cabaret that boasted a good jazz band, and one danced till 4 a.m. I was then taken for a drive round the Bois de Boulogne in an open car, to see the dawn. After the absurdities of the night I was thankful for the touch on my face of a fresh unpolluted day. The trees seemed to be the only natural, vital, real part of Paris.

Dining at Montmartre had a certain charm. One

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drove up through old streets on to the hill-top crowned by the Church of the Sacré Cœur, that overlooks Paris. When I was a little girl, at the Convent of the Assumption, I joined in a pilgrimage to the heights of Montmartre, and our white-veiled procession carried lighted candles to the shrine of the Sacred Heart. It is a far-distant memory, and I had not been back since.

At Montmartre one dines in the "place" with table and chairs rocking unevenly on the cobblestones. A working-class couple at the next table joined in our conversation with charming simplicity. Meanwhile, various decayed artists sang operatic fragments without any accompaniment, and a tangle-haired, corduroy-suited boy perpetrated people's portraits abominably in water colours. In fact, the evening cost a good deal more than the meal. The entire neighbourhood walked in the "place" to have a lingering look at the diners. Artists in string-soled shoes and big black slouch hats passed by with such looks of proud disdain. They wore no socks and owned not a sou in the world, but they walked like kings! Little black overalled "gamins" ran past flying their bright-coloured cubistic kites. It was all very picturesque and typical; one felt oneself to be playing a part.

Thence to a little theatre in the "Quartier" to see a variety show. It was very small and intimate. The house was packed. The composer sang his own songs and recited his own verses, which were extremely humorous. The audience and the stage composed verses together, which were written down on a blackboard, the audi-

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ence shouting out its suggestions and rhymes with absolute unself-consciousness and sometimes wit.

The day to be in Paris is the fourteenth of July, which celebrates the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. That is the day that the smart people mostly go out of Paris. It is a national holiday and the streets are completely given over to amusement. It is perhaps the only day in all the year in which the real France and the French spirit is allowed to come to the surface in Paris. The only time that one senses the French Revolution and its psychology on the people.

The night of the fourteenth of July, "Liberté, Égalité Fraternité," becomes a reality. At the cafés, where people sit at little tables on the sidewalk, drinking, smoking, laughing, there is a genuine cordiality—a kind of subconscious republican satisfaction. The people have overthrown the tyranny of the *noblesse* and destroyed the monarchy. The people have won. It is the people's night. They dance! How they dance! At every street corner and in every square a bandstand had been erected; dance tunes were played all night. The musicians were old. Their music was old. But they played with such energy as if they enjoyed playing. The people were delighted. The crowd made a circle and the couples danced, even old women danced together. On the sidewalks, in the uneven streets or on the tram lines, no matter where. The thing was to dance, and then go to the café, sip a little glass of wine and then dance again.

This year it was cold, so cold, but dancing made one warm. A thunder shower descended on the innocent

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enjoyment, but did not damp the spirits. Paris did not mean to be done out of her annual revel. Every one was good-natured, and philosophically uncomplaining. God never was with the proletariat. God sends rain on national holidays, and famines to working people. They shrugged their shoulders and took another "petit verre" under the sheltering awning of the café ! When the shower was over the crowd surged back on to the wet pavement and they danced again !

CHAPTER 5

Belgium, July, 1922

AFTER Paris I returned home to gather up my luggage, and make a final farewell to the family before I started on my more distant wanderings. It was a pouring wet day when my brother and I started off from the parental roof. We had decided on a trip up the Rhine as far as Wiesbaden, on his motor-bike and side-car. The children helped us to strap on the suit-cases and stood miserably in the rain watching our disappearance. "Good-byes" are quite detestable, and I was not sure if it was rain that was streaming down my face as we sped along the Dover road !

I have often looked at a motor side-car and shuddered, partly at the noise of it, partly at the looks of it, half despising it and wholly terrified of it. But because one must do the thing one fears (excepting only going up in a balloon and coming down in a parachute), I very deliberately embarked on this expedition. Once started, I realized that I had misjudged the machine. It is not only comfortable, it is fascinating. One seemed to be in a magic arm-chair none the less agreeable because it had left its pleasant July fireside for the open road in a rainstorm. The sensation is unbelievable ; it is a fairy tale.

At Dover we were met by an A.A. (Automobile Association) representative, who took charge of the machine with as much courtesy as if we were shipping a Rolls-Royce. The crossing to Ostend was rough, our magic arm-chair was strapped to the ship's bulwark opposite

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our cabin door. At Ostend another A.A. met us. We had the feeling of being very special people met by envoys. Everything was pleasant. Above all, there was no hurry.

After a night in Ostend we crossed Belgium as quickly as we could. Belgium did not interest us; it merely represented a passageway to Germany. We were right not to be interested. The roads are of uneven cobblestones and the country so flat. If we dreamed of stopping in villages or at inns that are inaccessible except by motor we were soon disillusioned. The villages are full of *estaminets*, but all ugly and quite impossible. Belgium from Ostend to Liège is a land of new brick buildings hideously architected. The first German indemnity having been paid to Belgium, the villages and towns that the Germans wiped out were being rebuilt. There was a quaint mix-up of ruins, debris and new red-brick creations. If these are on exactly the same lines of what existed before, no wonder the Germans burned them. I wondered what the German legions thought about the cobblestone roads that extend mile after mile straight and flat between avenues of trees with unvarying monotony. How their feet must have ached. That may account for their ill-humour when they reached the towns.

Bruges, of course, is very beautiful, and Ghent full of mediæval buildings. At Ghent I insisted on going inside two of the churches. Twice was too much! Interiorly they have been treated more cruelly even than the beautiful Cathedrals of Mexico. But as my description of the Mexican churches brought down on my

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head a storm of reproach from the Knights of Columbus, I had better refrain from insisting on the vandalism of the Belgian churches.

We slept at Brussels, and the next day got right across Belgium, through Louvain and Liège, to Aix-la-Chapelle. There were echoes of the war everywhere. At Louvain the four walls of the world famous library and some stone carved columns rising out of their mounds of ruin. There was an attempt just started to rebuild it. All round the library whole streets of houses were new. The unimaginative "Belge" has much to forgive. But it was the foreign tourist, especially the American, who looked at this scene with open-mouthed horror and undisguised disgust and the Belgian passed on his way without so much as a glance of interest. He lives with his horror and has grown accustomed to the sight. Involuntarily I find myself wondering why Belgium opposed the German army? Why didn't they let them through? How much less they would have suffered, and what could it have mattered to them?

One does not hear much about the Belgians. They do not talk of "Gloire," nor are they filled with deep self-pity like the French.

They are very busy putting their land in order. It is true they have no taste and are making their houses as ugly as possible, but it is they who have to live in them, so it is no one's business except theirs. As to the land, there were ripening crops as far as the eye could see, for miles and miles to the flat horizon. These are being methodically and primitively cut down by hand with scythe and sickle.

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After Liège the country assumed a new aspect. No longer flat, the road, which ceased to be of cobblestones, wound around wooded hills. Dwelling-houses began to be of German architecture.

Sign-posts, which in Belgium are as big as a placard, so that motoring is almost fool-proof, all now pointed to Verviers. There was never a mention of Aix-la-Chapelle. So strange did this seem that we finally stopped in the middle of a little village street to have a long converse with a friendly policeman. To our great humiliation we learnt that Aix-la-Chapelle, otherwise called Aachen, which we thought was in Belgium, is and always has been in Germany ! That is why every sign of it had been obliterated. The " brave Belge " no longer wished to point the way to anything German !

I am sustained in my humiliation by the fact that my brother, who has had the best possible education, was also equally ignorant. I remember learning in my French History that Charlemagne was born or crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle ; the two had some connection in my mind ! The French had omitted to tell me that Charlemagne was a German Kaiser, though I should have known that he was a Frank and not a Gaulois, and that his home town was therefore in Germany.

Whilst ruminating on the futility of learning what one so soon forgets, a passer-by paused and listened to our conversation, a working man of the ascetic type and wearing in his buttonhole the red Communist star. This caused a new break in my train of thought. In the United States Communism is illegal, and is punish-

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able by prison. What a contrast between liberal Belgium and free America !

Beyond Verviers we stopped again, because a striped post said it was the Belgian frontier. The place was strangely deserted. We questioned some small children. They appeared never to have heard of a frontier. They were post-war children. A man opened a window in a house opposite and told us that the frontier had moved on since the war.

And so we continued for what seemed to us a good many miles. The villages we passed through, the shops and restaurants by the wayside were all inscribed in German, with German names. Children shouted to one another in German. They were flaxen-haired, round headed, obviously Teutons. We felt we were in Germany, but we knew we were in Belgium. Finally, at the new frontier, some ten miles from the old one, we were stopped and very severely inspected, by the Belgians, before we were allowed to push on across the few hundred yards of no man's land to the German frontier. Here no one spoke any language but German, and, happily, the German of my childhood stood me in good stead. When my brother first went to school we used to write to one another preferably in German, but now he has the utmost difficulty in recalling it. An efficient English education has achieved its purpose and obliterated everything except the faint memory of some Latin verses. Latin not being helpful at the German frontier, I had to do some primitive and broken arguing.

The German official insisted very politely but adamantly, that £25 deposit for the motor-bicycle be paid

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in German marks. They would not accept English bank-notes, and there was nothing for it but to retrace our way to the village five miles back where there was a saddler who was also a money-changer and who made enormous profits on the exchange. Our arguments with him were in vain. He knew he was wrong, but he knew we wanted the money, that it was already half-past six and we wished to get to Aachen by nightfall. He said we could take it or leave it. We took it with grim politeness. But there was no purse or pocket that would accommodate those 50,000 marks.¹ A market basket might have been adequate. We managed to pack them into the already overburdened side-car. Once more we reached the frontier post as a tramcar from Aachen was disgorging its passengers. While my brother went into the Custom House to sign papers I talked with an official. He told me that the tramcar's passengers were Germans who went to their daily work in Germany, although they lived in Belgium since the new frontier line. The official, a young blond soldier of the war, talked to me of the iniquity of Emperors and militarists. He was not a little embarrassed when, in answer to his questioning, I told him I was a widow of the war. He tried to excuse his country: "They lay all the blame on Germany," he said, "but it was not entirely Germany's fault."

My German was not fluent enough for prolonged argument. He agreed with me that Germany's great tactical mistake was in going through Belgium, and then, referring to America, he said wistfully: "If

¹ Since then the mark has fallen to 50,000 to the dollar!

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America had not come into the war, Germany might have won—who knows ? ” I appreciated his regret, but was unable to respond with suitable sympathy. “ Who knows ? ” I repeated after him, and who, indeed, does know ?

We proceeded to discuss the economic condition of Germany, the American debt, the Irish Revolution, the Bolshevism of Russia, and the unemployment in all the countries of Europe. He had ideas and was well informed. My pidgin-German having risen to such heights, I felt extremely exhilarated when my brother came out of the Custom House, having fixed up everything.

Just as we were about to drive away I reminded the officials that they had not even looked at our passports. They smilingly replied that “ *schoene Maedchen* ” were all welcome in Germany, and required no passports ! I waved farewell : “ *Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein !* ” and we whirled away along the best bit of road that we had met since we left Ostend.

CHAPTER 6

Rhineland, July, 1922

AT Aachen we gravitated by instinct to the Palace Hotel. It is supposed to be the most expensive hotel in the whole of Germany. It is not a palace in name only. Our apartment, which consisted of two bedrooms and a luxurious bathroom, cost 1,500 marks the night, or about two dollars. Breakfast of coffee and rolls, 156 marks for both of us, and we paid 79 marks extra for the privilege of having fish. Insignificant enough when translated into shillings and dollars, but no wonder there were foreigners in the hotels. No German of average income can pay such prices.

Milk was the only thing in the palace that we asked for and could not get. Milk, we were immediately informed, was very scarce in Germany. Children and invalids had an allowance, which they applied for with a card. Partly this was on account of the thousands of "indemnity" cows that had been sent to France; partly also, because too much veal was being consumed. People wanted to realize their money quickly and so no one waited for the calf to become a cow.

Aachen was under Belgian occupation. The Belgian flag flew above the Belgian headquarters. But the Belges were very unobtrusive and no one seemed to mind them. One heard them hardly at all discussed. On our way to Cologne we stopped in a village and asked for food at a clean and promising-looking café.

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An apathetic, overworked woman informed us she had no food on the premises. We were hungry and persistent. She admitted there was cheese and black bread. We consumed the best cheese and the best black bread we had ever tasted and a whole bottle of Rhine wine. It was an excellent meal for 150 marks. But how fared the working man whose wages were 1,000 marks a week? One-fourth of his earnings went to bread alone.

This first town we get to on the Rhine was Cologne. Under British occupation. We stood on the Cathedral steps and surveyed the square. On the right was the big Hotel Metropole, flying a rather faded apologetic Union Jack. It was the British headquarters, and the smiling sentries seemed to take an almost amateurish joy in doing sentry stunts back and forth before the door.

Opposite, with big letters newly painted across its front, stood Barclays Bank. A hand-post pointed to the inevitable Y.M.C.A. The middle was reserved for the parking of British cars. British soldiers in khaki, on foot, on horseback, on motor-bicycles, were everywhere. They seemed thoroughly at home, although they looked utterly out of place, for not even the British Army of Occupation could make Cologne look anything but German.

We turned away from this scene and entered the Cathedral. I insist on mentioning my impressions of Cologne Cathedral because so many cathedrals in other countries have roused my indignation. But this one is supreme.

When I was six years old, on the occasion of a return

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journey to England, I was taken from the train to see the Cathedral in the middle of the night. I have never forgotten either the sound of the organ, or the candle-light which failed to penetrate the dimness overhead. I remember thinking the great columns went up forever into the sky. I wondered why there were no stars above my head. Nor is my first impression dispelled by my second visit. My brother and I stood speechless among the great vertical lines that soar upward in glorious simplicity and dignity. The Germans have done nothing to detract in any way from the interior of their Cathedral.

From Cologne we went to Bonn, which has always been associated in my mind with students and learning and as the place where Nietzsche taught religion. We found it was the French military headquarters. At the sumptuous garden gate of a villa overlooking the Rhine were sentry boxes painted blue, white and red in slanting stripes. Leaning wearily on his rifle a black-faced Algerian completed a crazy futurist picture. I rubbed my eyes and said : "This is Bonn !" The Algerians, the Senegalese, the French "bluets" were everywhere. They, and the bright-capped Bonn students made a splash of colour in the streets. French officers with smartly-dressed wives filled the restaurants.

In 1870 the German Army walked through Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe in the heart of Paris—but in 1922 the French "bluets" keep the "Wacht am Rhein." What a topsy-turvy world !

From Bonn we passed through Coblenz, which was

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under the United States Army of Occupation. But one was advised not to stay there. First of all, because there is Prohibition—and in a land where mostly everything is labelled “Verboten” the American had “Verboten” everything that the German had not.

And so one pushes on to St. Goar, which was under the French. At St. Goar we put up at Schneiders Hotel on the Rhine bank. It was a primitive but clean hotel, covered with wistaria. On the hill-top above stood the ruined and romantic castle of Rheinfels, and on the opposite bank of the Rhine was the Lorelei rock beneath which is hidden the gold of the Niebelungen. The swiftly-flowing river was in flood and the paddle steamers ploughed their way laboriously against the stream.

I was waked at 6 a.m. in the sunny morning by a shrill “Un, deux, trois.” It was the French drilling on the grass plot beneath my window. I tumbled out of bed and looked out. How badly they drilled! How sloppy their uniforms! How out of step they marched. I should hate to be an Allied soldier in Germany doing the very job that the Germans are best at in the world, having forbidden them to do it. Perhaps that is why the French were drilling before the Germans were awake.

The whole way along the Rhine, on both sides, there was intensive cultivation. One passed through endless miles of what seemed a patchwork quilt of striped colours, methodically cultivated. Potatoes, beets, carrots, maize, etc., and asparagus growing in neat trenched formations under the fruit groves. The corn was being

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garnered, and youths rode their teams as if they were pulling artillery into action instead of farm carts.

Several times our machine came to a standstill, fortunately, however, in the outskirts of some small town. The advantage of a motor is that it breaks down, and this puts one in touch with the people. Small boys always love a motor-cycle, and as Germany is full of small boys we were always instantly surrounded.

There is nothing so brutal as the small boy if he chooses. When I was at school in Darmstadt some boys pursued me and threw stones and old boots at my head, and when I gave chase and caught one, he spat on me. But that was many years ago. Now it is different. Their manners are perfect ; even our pidgin-German aroused no smile of derision. Nor was our English resented. We were treated as friends and equals. They were not idly curious, but intelligently helpful. They ran to fetch new sparking plugs. They volunteered to pump up the flat tyre. They had suggestions to make that were really useful. They kept the smaller boys in order and shouted severely at them when they became too intimate with the machine. They helped replace everything and they seemed to know where each thing belonged. One would trust those boys with the guardianship of the car and all its contents. They were responsible and self-respecting.

The youngest, seven or eight years old, were undersized, with intense expressions and the faces of old men. One could see by the faces of some that their mothers had broken hearts when they bore them.

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German children are not the only children who have been prenataally starved.

We talked with all kinds of people, not children only, but with working people. Even the adults were not unfriendly. They seemed on the whole apathetically accustomed to the presence of the foreigner. With patience and tact one was able to draw the people out on the subject of the armies of occupation. Usually they shrugged their shoulders at mention of the French or would break off in the middle of an unfinished sentence and walk away, as though conscious of having said too much. Mention of the English would bring a smile. These apparently had picked up the Cologne slang and "talked it like our own men !"

But the Americans—ah, the Americans, they had such well-made uniforms, they looked so smart ! Rhineland Germans had picked up the word "swank." The American displayed a sense of superiority. He came from God's own country. It was very trying sometimes. And then—Prohibition ! This at least was understandable. There was an effort to enforce Prohibition on the Rhine. The visiting French colonel was very indignant because he could not get his glass of port. The French colonel did not know what the American private knows, and what the American private knows is very evident on pay-day. The German comment of the United States Army pay-day was entertaining beyond description. They were liable to kill one another or anyone else who got in their way that day, according to the German, who then asked me naïvely if I knew the American language. The French, he said, were fluent,

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and the Germans . . . well, the German language has always been regarded as rich and resourceful, but apparently no one knew what language could be until they had heard the American language just after pay-day ! The Germans were left gaping, marvelling !

Meanwhile one would imagine the Germans had forgotten their hate in their amusement at French and English hate. Bonn was seething with anecdotes of disputes. Even a play was obliged to stop one night because two soldiers, English and French, threatened to kill one another. An American officer in the theatre was obliged to intervene. The English soldier was reported to have said : " All right, I'll take orders from you, but not from a Frenchman." This situation was a cause of great glee to the Germans.

At Wiesbaden we found a cosmopolitan town. The Kaiserhof Hotel was full of English Army officers and English tourists and French officers and French tourists. There were Japanese too, some Belgians, Dutch and a few Swedes. But, above all, there were French. Mr. Reinach of the Académie Française told me in Paris, that metaphorically a Chinese wall had been built up between France and Germany ; that nothing penetrated ; that before the bitterness and the hate could be obliterated a whole generation would have to pass away. My reply to Mr. Reinach would be : " Come to Wiesbaden. See the French cars with their French registrations. Meet the French in all the hotels, in all the restaurants, in all the shops. There would seem to be a large gap in that Chinese wall."

I know that the Rhineland does not represent Germany,

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but it is a pretty important part. Here, the armies of occupation, as well as the depreciation of the mark with its consequent advantageous foreign exchange, seemed to be doing what no propaganda in the world could do. It was bringing cosmopolitanism to Germany ; it was defeating hate, wiping out bitterness and establishing at least a tolerance, an understanding.

My brother was an officer in the Navy and took part in every battle in the North Sea. He came to Germany with all his British prejudices. But those who fought in the war are not the bitterest ; it may be said they are the first to forgive and forget. Every day that we lingered on the Rhine my brother's prejudice became fainter. He was impressed by the dignity and sadness that seemed to prevail, the dignity of suffering. German arrogance had disappeared. There is nothing like suffering to purify and spiritualize an individual or a nation. The German nation was being humiliated. One was conscious of the French effort to crush and break it. But the individual German spirit was not broken ; his " head was bloody but unbowed."

CHAPTER 7

Rhineland, July, 1922

WHILST in Wiesbaden my brother and I gave ourselves a new sensation! We decided to be millionaires, for an hour. In order to do a day's shopping, we went to the Dresdner Bank to change our English notes. There was a crowd at the paying-out office, with the result that when our turn came there were no big paper notes left. We had to stow our bundles as best we could. Each of us carried a small brown paper parcel full, and we came out into the street very conscious of bulging pockets. It was urgent to spend some money as soon as possible so as to bulge less. We began with the boot shop. My brother bought shoes at 1,600 marks, which was 16s. a pair. The German workgirl worked four months to buy a pair of shoes. Not a German ever came in to buy more than one pair at a time. Next we went to the leather shop, where I found a dressing-case for Dick's birthday. It will last him until he is a man. The fittings were not silver because that would be prohibitive in Germany. It cost 2,000 marks, or three dollars. At the glove store there were kid gloves, the latest chic, such as I saw in Paris. They cost 300 marks a pair, less than half a dollar, and the kid was the best quality. We went from shop to shop. My brother equipped himself with a trousseau as well as presents for all his friends. One lost all sense of proportion. It is Germany (instead of Russia, whose ideal

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it was) who is teaching us that money has no longer any value. . . . Europe is a grand advertisement for capitalism !

We ended our day in a toy shop, and that was almost the best part of our shopping experience. Quite apart from the prices, which, of course, were ludicrous, the articles themselves were original, piquant, full of charm and variety. Would that I could lead round that store Mr. Hamley of London on one hand and Mr. Schwartz of New York on the other !

We decided there and then that our toys were too good for the children and we would keep them ourselves, allowing the children to play with our toys, as a great treat, when they had been good ! Shopping in Wiesbaden persuaded me that both in quality and taste one need no longer go to Paris. I said so to a shopseller who spoke fluent French, and the lady next to me turned on me such a look of poison that I realized I had been overheard by a Parisienne !

The shops were full of foreigners, and the shopkeepers were unanimous in their assertion that but for the foreign invasion they would be ruined. That, of course, was the point of view of the tradesmen, but the German consumer saw things quite differently, and put the blame for high prices on to the foreign buyer. But in spite of selling German goods at exorbitant German prices, the shopkeepers were often trading at a loss, for the mark was depreciating so quickly that goods were frequently being sold for less than cost price.

The misery which exists among the poor was not very apparent. One is accustomed to judge of poverty

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by the man in the street, the shabbiness of the worker or the prevalence of beggars. But in Germany the worst misery (at that moment) was not among the working people. For although the prices of milk and bread were beyond normal conception, the wages of the worker, if he worked hard enough (and he always does in Germany), were so far not inadequate. The chief hardship and suffering was among the bourgeois class. Among these, especially if they were old, or unaccustomed to work, the result was almost the same as among the same class in Russia. And, in the same way, household goods of every description were being brought to market. The quantities of pawn-shops, rag-shops, and second-hand jewellers testified of the misery behind closed doors.

We witnessed a legless soldier on the sidewalk in the most crowded shopping district. People gave him money in such quantities and at such a rate that he barely had time to stow it in his pockets. Never have I seen such a public expression of sympathy. In London they wear their war medals and sell matches or sing songs in the gutter, and there are too many of them to help.

On our way back to our hotel at six o'clock an astounding noise attracted us to the square where the French had their military headquarters. A detachment of coloured troops had just finished their evening parade through the streets. Their band sounded like the Scottish Highland bagpipes gone mad. They played on strange instruments the strangest, most barbaric music. They carried, in lieu of banner, a brass totem.

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A crowd (I suppose of foreigners) assembled. The negroes worked themselves into a frenzy and waved their arms and their instruments and threw their drumsticks wildly into the air.

My brother, in his astonishment, asked a German : "Is this Barnum and Bailey ?" Barnum and Bailey were advertised largely on placards the town over. The German understood and was delighted at this new British witticism at the expense of an ally ! The French, it would seem, never missed a chance of parading their flag or making a show, or a noise. They did not spare the Germans anything.

My brother had a long talk with the Reich Rhine Commissioner, Prince Hatzfeldt, son of the distinguished Ambassador whose memoirs were published recently. Prince Hatzfeldt's mother was an American. He discussed the foreign army of occupation from a different angle than the working man. It was equally illuminating. He deplored the prospect of the American armies being recalled because he said "they are so easy to get on with." The English he rather took for granted, but said they require more room than anyone else, being so luxurious ! He believed the French meant to occupy the Rhineland permanently, so that in the next war they would fight on German soil. They were also in hopes of "peaceful penetration" so that the Rhinelander would grow to love them ! (with negro troops this would not seem the most hopeful method !) Meanwhile, they damned everything and appeared terrified of the mere existence of Germany.

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"They are like the little boy at school, who by luck or rather by help, has managed to get a bigger one 'down' and not knowing what to do with him, goes on hitting him," said Hatzfeldt. He foretells a crash.

"Hitherto the wages of the working man have followed the mark and risen in proportion. Some time this will have to stop, and the working man will hunger, and that means revolution."

To some remark of my brother's Prince Hatzfeldt replied: "You're an optimist—I try to be."

But he was obviously very pessimistic about the future.

On August 1, my brother was obliged to return home, and sadly we parted. I must go on my way alone and he would take back a load of new purchases, in a new leather suit-case, in the magic side-car, in my stead! Our last evening we spent walking around the hotel gravel walks in the moonlight. After six rounds he went up to his room and changed into a new pair of shoes. This was how he made new shoes old, in order that they should not be confiscated at the frontier! Also, we blew our noses a great many times in a great many new handkerchiefs. Finally, I wore, pair by pair, the gloves I had bought for my mother. Toys we were told were safe; these were allowed out of the country without protest. It was a great relief to feel that the doll's nose did not have to be wiped in the dust of the flag hauled down from the ship's masthead!

Early the next morning I caught my train to Berlin. It was a ten-hour journey and cost 850 marks first

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class. There were four classes on the train and the fourth was crowded to overflowing. In my first-class compartment I travelled the whole ten hours alone, and my ticket cost me a few pence more than five shillings.



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CHAPTER 8

Berlin, August, 1922

AT the time of my arrival in Berlin in August, there were said to be 300,000 Russians there and they were "still coming." It was described as a "peaceful annexation." They had their own theatres, newspapers, magazines and bookshops. They had bought up all the living accommodation, and this was already scarce.

Apparently no matter how many people are killed in war, there is always a surplus population for whom it is necessary continually to house-build. But the German Government did not allow congested living conditions as in England, where, in spite of a terrible housing shortage, big houses in Grosvenor Square, etc., are allowed to remain empty month after month, with boards "To be let or sold."

The German Government insisted that if people with big houses had more room than they were considered to require, outsiders could be billeted on them. Therefore many German families, almost in self-defence, were renting apartments in their houses to their own relations. The Russian invasion considerably complicated this situation. Meanwhile, the Russians treated Berlin as their own; all the best restaurants were Russian, patronized by Russians. At the Monico the Russian gipsies sang the same songs as I heard Balieff's Gipsies sing at the "Chauve Souris" Theatre; which reminded me less of Russia and more of New York!

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The walls of this restaurant were frescoed boldly by a Russian artist. We drank vodka, and watched them at their little supper tables get drunk in very gallant and gentlemanly fashion, and join in the choruses of the songs they knew so well. If one remained into the small hours of the morning, one might witness some fighting between the *émigrés* and the Bolsheviks when the one sang the Czarist hymn and the other the Internationale. There was also another restaurant, admirably frescoed, where one sat in comfortable arm-chairs and ate an excellent dinner, the while a Russian operetta was being performed on the stage at the end of the room. Surely the Russians of the old regime understood real luxury ! The students of the Moscow Art Theatre had established themselves in the Apollo Theatre, which is about the size of the Manhattan Opera House, New York. On the occasion of their "first night" they gave Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*, translated. As an interpretation of Russian peasant life it was quite admirable, and only failed at the end, where Dickens's sentimentality was quite out of keeping with the Russian character. But the acting was very good, and the house, which was crowded to overflowing, would not allow any applause after the acts. This, I was told, is the Russian custom. But at the end they cheered and recalled the actors again and again. I noted with interest that the Russian audience looked far more prosperous than any audience I had seen in any German theatre. The Russians in Berlin appear at all events to be self-supporting.

The first thing I did on arrival in Berlin was to call

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at the beautiful one-time Czarist Embassy "Unter den Linden" that the German Government had recently handed over to the Soviet Government. When I left Russia two years ago I was told: "Wherever you go in future, remember you have two Embassies, your own and the Russian." Thus encouraged, I went to "Unter den Linden" and asked for Maxim Litvinoff. I knew he was on his way through from the Hague Conference. An official at the door would not even allow me into the outer office. He looked me up and down, then reprovingly told me that Mr. (with stress on the Mr.) Litvinoff was at some other address. (He used to be called "comrade" in my day, but no matter, I was prepared even to call him "Excellency" to oblige.) I spent two futile hours following up the mythical trail of Mr. Litvinoff. From one big house I was sent to another and on to the third. In each case I found a big house, with a big waiting-room full of what looked like business men. On each occasion, after I, too, had waited patiently, I was told, "You have made a mistake. This is a business house, Mr. Litvinoff is political," and I was given a new address. I may have been impressed by the "business houses" and the amount of people waiting—(anyone who has business with Russians is always kept endlessly waiting)—but I was exasperated by my fruitless search. At last I returned to the Embassy and insisted: "I know Mr. Litvinoff is here and I know he will be pleased to see me." I must have looked very determined, for they took me upstairs and showed me into a green and gold damask drawing-room. Litvinoff came out of an adjoining room.

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"Never has any woman pursued you with such persistence," I told him of my two hours' chase. He shrugged his shoulders helplessly : "I told them I was here, and that I wanted to see anyone who asked for me."

We talked of old times—old, indeed, if one is to judge age by change. The object of my visit was to ascertain whether or not I should be welcome back to Moscow. Litvinoff told me that Russia had gone through considerable changes since I was there and largely relapsed on to "bourgeois" conditions. Shops, restaurants, trade and, above all, money have come into their own once more. People are no longer fed, housed and looked after by the State, and diplomats, journalists and artists are comfortable according to the length of their purse. The supreme difficulty is, of course, to find accommodation for people, and even money is not always any good in this respect. But life conditions change from day to day. Litvinoff had not been back in Moscow for four months except for a few days. He promised to write to me from Moscow to tell me what could be done for me in the way of comfort. He suggested that if I went to Constantinople I should go to Batoum and make my way back from there. "But I thought all transport had broken down?" He shook his head and assured me that I could do the journey alone. I said : "I will take a lot of food." "Food? But you can buy food in Russia if you have the money," he answered.

I thought confusedly of the Russian Famine Reliefs that we have all worked for.

"What does it all mean? I don't understand."

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Litvinoff looked away from me with a cynical expression. "Revolutions to-day become bourgeois," he said bitterly.

Whatever tangled thoughts I had about the Revolution of Russia I pushed them aside for another day. Travelling about Europe in these times with an inquiring mind and an open heart almost tests the impressions to breaking-point. Moscow is only ten hours away by aeroplane ; it seemed to loom like the shadow of a great giant at my side. I tried resolutely not to see it. Suffice for the moment the dramatic problems and despair-laden atmosphere of Germany.

A friend who came to see me one day asked me : "What is the matter ? Who has made you unhappy ?" How could I explain ? It was something so subconscious that it could hardly be analysed. I only knew that not so long ago I cherished hopes, beliefs, ideals, and now the world seems past repair. Every day that I spent in Europe (and I had not seen the worst) made me feel the world was mad. If Bolshevism had failed, Capitalism and Imperialism seemed to have failed too. Sometimes one felt almost a necessity to shout as to some actual entity : "Help ! Help !"

I met practical stern-faced business men, the kind one has known in America, unemotional as a type, and they spoke with a break in the voice, and eyes bloodshot with the effort of self-control. They said : "What is to happen ? We work and it does no good. For us there seems to be no pardon." Every one I met was convinced that France intended Germany's permanent destruction.

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No one tried to foretell the future. "We are living eternities every hour," one man said. I asked Dr. Carl Dernberg whether a victorious Germany would not have inflicted the same terms on us as were being inflicted. He pondered a moment and then replied: "The militarist party were very frank in what they planned to do in the event of victory. It certainly was very much the same as the present Allied terms. But what one expects from Imperialists and militarists, one does not expect from the great democracies of the world."

He said that Germany asked for peace owing to the United States propaganda. That hundreds of aeroplanes came over and dropped pamphlets from President Wilson to the effect that if Germany would expel her imperialism and do away with her militarism she would be forgiven. "We have done both these things and it has availed us nothing." . . . Talking about the Socialists in Germany, he said: "They have been entrusted with great power and great responsibility; they know that for the prosperity of the worker the private capitalist is necessary, especially since the economic crisis of the State, so they manage the co-operation with great care."

Apparently each side has developed an understanding and a tolerance; even Hugo Stinnes, whose organ is the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, has a Socialist assistant editor. It is just possible that Germany is evolving the new system of government that the world unrest is seeking for. They may make a success of it if they are not crushed out of existence by the Allies, or forced into starvation and revolution. People have accustomed

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themselves to think of Germany as the representative of foulest militarism. Presently the world will awake to the fact that there exists a new Germany, who, all unnoticed, is quietly, calmly, in her orderly way evolving her moderate State Socialism. This Socialism is, as Dr. Dernberg says, co-operating with private capitalism to just the right extent and in a way making use of capitalism for her own needs.

France has forgotten all that she made her Revolution for, and the United States has something yet to fight for ; Russia has gone too far and England is still weighed down by tradition, but Germany, left alone to work out her own destiny, may be creating the phoenix that is to rise from European ashes. I had a long talk with Dr. Breitscheidt, the leader of the Independent Socialists, who are now merged with the majority Socialists. He was cold and detached ; he was both pro-French and pro-German, and he criticized the politics of each dispassionately. This is quite understandable if one accepts the Socialists as denational and international. Breitscheidt had just returned from Paris. He seemed to understand the French point of view, and his sympathy was for the devastated regions, which he agreed should be reconstructed by Germany. France had suffered from war ravage and had had no compensation. England had not been ravaged and has, he declared, gained by the confiscation of Germany's mercantile fleet and of her colonies. England has suffered less than any other country. She was only friendly now because it was to her advantage not to let Germany sink ! The United States was very neutral, and he believed in a

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certain idealism that existed among her people and which some day would break forth into something great. He was frightfully anti-Bolshevist and described the methods of Communists and reactionary bourgeoisie as fundamentally the same, as, for example, the Government of Moscow and the murder of Rathenau.

The only anxiety of Breitscheidt was for the German Republic. It had not yet taken deep enough root in the hearts of the German people. The working man, he said, would fight for the republic, but the bourgeoisie were a great menace and a great danger. New roots do not grow very quickly. The Germans are a slow and deliberate individualistic people. At present they appear neither to hate nor to display any kind of enthusiasm. The weight of anxiety overwhelms them. The third anniversary celebrations of the republic on August 11 revealed no kind of public opinion. No one enthused over the Republic, no one implored the lost Imperialism. I went to the Reichstag for the celebration. There was some beautiful music, a speech by the President of the Baden Parliament, and on this occasion "Deutschland über Alles" was sung for the first time since the Republic. But Deutschland über Alles! had been rebaptized. It no longer meant Deutschland above all other nations, but it meant above all other German States, above Bavaria, Westphalia, Saxony, etc., above all these—Deutschland. It seemed to me that the Reichstag sang it with all the hope for unity of a very desperate people.

In comparison with the night-life of Berlin, Paris seemed positively naïve! But there is a different

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spirit in the German dancing, and their night-life seemed to savour more of desperation than of enjoyment. They danced and they drank and they made merry, because to-morrow the crash might come. In the midst of their dancing one felt like crying. They were delirious with hopelessness.

But one peculiar thing about Berlin, even at the big popular dancing cafés, were the conspicuous number of women who danced together. Either the men could no longer afford to entertain and so the women were reduced to dancing together, or else they did so by preference. It is a fact that Berlin is following in the tradition of an island in the Greek seas.

There is a café which after midnight is only frequented by men. They dance together, and buy roses to give to one another. Everybody sniffed cocaine as if it were snuff. One man was dressed in a low-necked dress with a big ostrich feather hat and was much in request by dancing partners. This undefinable human spat when "it" saw me in their midst! If these people had any sense of humour, they would realize how absurd it is that men in rough tweed clothes and clumsy boots should dance together. It looked like a boys' dancing class.

Meanwhile, as always in the midst of national upheavals and economic catastrophes, creative art went on regardlessly as if nothing were happening. It would seem that the artist is a being apart, absorbed in his own endeavour, while the world goes by in great eddies and whirlpools that cannot touch him. Germany, in spite of the national economic crisis, had a considerable creative flame in sculpture, painting and the theatre.

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In sculpture there was a real vital force. The brutal carved wood figures of Barlach, the long-limbed attenuated forms of Lehnbrueck, the bronze animals of Gaul were among the best of the international moderns' work. Here one saw also the work of the Russian Archipenko, who is living in Berlin. Some of the architectural sculpture on new buildings was of the very finest. There was also a great deal of small decorative sculpture work being done in white glazed porcelain. This was infinitely attractive. At a modern exhibition I found the usual gems in a sea of mediocrity, but even the mediocre work seems to be above the modern average.

In an extremist futurist room, rioting in cubes of colour and lines that desperately lead to nothing, all screaming loudly and expressing disorder, unrest, chaos, I stood for the first time frankly convinced. "This," I said to myself, "is exactly what I feel about the world to-day. This expresses it as no words possibly can!"

In curious contrast was the art of yesterday's imperialism, with its monumental rococo sculpture in public places and its heroic Siegesalle. Fitting monuments to the garishness of imperialism. Nevertheless, even this decoration is on such a grandiose scale that it has a certain grotesque splendour. The Kaiser's palace is now a museum; one could look at all the ugly rooms full of such heaps of monstrous things. In such a welter of possessions it must be difficult to decide what to carry off in flight. The private living rooms of the Emperor were not being shown as he was having a lawsuit against the State to decide what was his private property and what the State's. A difficult problem, I should think.

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The really lovely place was Sans Souci, the Kaiser's summer residence at Potsdam, an enchanting French bungalow palace with sculptured columns against orange-coloured plaster walls. It had terraced gardens, colonnades and Italian flower-bedding indescribably full of charm. It helped one to appreciate how terribly bored the ex-Emperor must be living in Holland in a dull castle surrounded by ditches and gnats. Worse still for the Crown Prince in the full activity of life. The fate of those who do not survive their country's revolutions is perhaps happier.

In wandering through these royal palaces, one really felt that royalty is obsolete and even ridiculous. German royalty is already something belonging to the dim past.

I arrived in Berlin just in time to see the last performance of a great socialist play by Ernest Toller, called "Die Maschinenstuermer." It was staged by Reinhardt at the Grosse Schauspielhaus. It had great mob scenes in which the body of the theatre was used in conjunction with the stage. The house was crowded to overflowing. Some of the audience joined in the strikers' song, but were otherwise undemonstrative and thoughtful. It is a play that the United States would certainly not allow to be produced.

Another play which was interesting as an expression of new ideas and new technicalities was the "Wunderliche Geschichten des Kapellmeister Kreisler." A series of forty-two short scenes almost like tableaux appeared in rapid succession like great living pictures in small settings in different parts of the darkened stage.

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In the film world I was disappointed in not finding the new staging and the futurist effects that the "Dr. Caligar" film of German fame had led me to expect. Lubitsch's studio was very much like a California studio. Pola Negri was working for Lubitsch when I saw her, and much excited because she was about to go to the United States. Lubitsch himself as a personality was interesting and a great artist, but the only superiority I could see in the German film as compared with the American was in the stories themselves. The absence of soppy sentimentality was an immense relief.

Before leaving Germany I had an interesting week-end at the country place of the von S.'s. He is very well known as a banker and an art collector. They are Conservatives of the old school and rank among the few rich people of Germany who still can afford to entertain. Naturally they were not much in favour of a republican government or of a Socialist President. They were like most of the people I know in England who cannot adapt their minds to a changed world.

Their country place is about twenty-five miles from Berlin. It was like a picturesque château in the setting of a Watteau landscape. We were a motley party: there was a French sister-in-law, a Spanish cousin, and Dr. Solf, the charming German Ambassador to Japan, as well as an Under-Secretary of State in the war and two young German counts of military age who knew not what to do for a living. The party tried to talk English for me, but continually broke into French and relapsed into German. Every one was nice to me. When I thought of the treatment of Germans in my

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own country and compared it with the courtesy that I received in Germany, I felt rather ashamed. The young German count told me that he had letters from friends in London who say that the Embassy has the isolation of an island. I gathered from the conversation that nobody saw any daylight ahead. There prevailed almost a paralysis of ideas. One heard the usual aristocratic outcry against taxation. I was told of a 60 per cent. tax on capital as well as a 60 per cent. tax on income. It was predicted that there would be a great shortage of coal in the coming winter for private as well as industrial use. Germany was at the moment minus seventy-five million tons of coal. That is to say, Upper Silesia had lost forty out of forty-five million tons and the Saar basin has lost thirteen millions. The *Entente* had twenty to twenty-two million tons yearly.

It was feared that factories would have to close down on account of the fuel shortage as well as on account of the price of raw materials and because they will not be able much longer to pay the scale of wages, which increased with every depreciation of the mark. The closing down of factories would most inevitably be accompanied by unemployment, starvation and rioting. People could not emigrate because there were no more colonies. On account of the exchange nobody could leave Germany unless it was to go to Austria ! Even Mr. von S. says he could no longer go to the United States on business because his return ticket would cost half a million.

There were endless discussions of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. It had to be kept, housed and

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paid in foreign exchange values, which meant that the private soldier was getting more wages in marks than President Ebert. Not only the soldiers but their families were Germany's expense. There were stories about Rhineland occupation, more scandals about black troops, more resentment about building bathrooms for pampered foreigners than could ever be told in a volume. It made animating dinner-table talk !

I read of a little industrial town of 14,200 inhabitants that in 1912 had a German garrison with barracks for one battalion of infantry. In November, 1921, it was obliged to harbour a Moroccan regiment, a machine-gun detachment, an administrative detachment, a railway commando, a police body and a flying column. To every one hundred inhabitants seventeen soldiers were billeted on the town. For the purpose two public schools, the local deaf and dumb asylum, the house of the Local Government Board, the sugar factory, the three biggest restaurants and the casino had been requisitioned. Added to this, 100 acres of intensive agricultural land had been converted into a flying ground. Such were the causes of general indignation, and they were innumerable.

Then there was the story of Prince and Princess Hohenzollern (he is the brother of the King of Rumania). Some officers were quartered in their castle on the Rhine. The officers planned to give a dance. The Princess protested, asked that the dance might be postponed because the Prince was so ill. The officers replied they could not postpone it because ladies were arriving from London. They danced until five o'clock. The

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Prince died at three, to the accompaniment of a jazz-band.

Whatever my impressions were in the Rhineland of the German attitude toward the foreign army, I do not retract it. I wrote those impressions on the spot. There was a certain sunshiny happiness on the Rhine . . . a mock prosperity resulting from the quantities of foreign tourists, a light-heartedness caused by the armies of occupation themselves, who frankly admitted the enjoyment of their job, and then the natural beauty of the Rhineland which must affect even a dejected spirit. But one certainly needed to get to Berlin to see in perspective the raw wound that was inflicted on Germany by the occupation of the Rhine.

From the moment I arrived in Berlin I felt I was one of those foreigners who were daily benefiting by Germany's tragedy. It gave me an unpleasurable sensation, as though I were one of the vultures on the corpse. A German said to me : " Isn't it terrible ? Where will we all be ? The mark is now 1,000 to the dollar." And then he corrected himself : " Of course, I forgot, it is good for you."

I asked an American : " What would you do if your deposit at the bank dwindled from 10,000 dollars to 8,000 dollars in a week, or to 6,000 overnight ? " He answered : " I would take it out of the bank quickly and spend it." And of course that is exactly what the Germans were doing. That was why in a shoe store there were so many customers that one could not get served. Madame von S. told me that even she had put in a stock of shoes sufficient for a whole year, knowing

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for a certainty that the cost is going to be trebled and quadrupled in a short time.

The people with fixed incomes were those who suffered most. It was reliably told that the wife of a General was found dead on her bare mattress ; she was too proud to call in a doctor lest he see the extent of her poverty.

Cabinet Ministers fared pretty badly, and their pay was utterly out of all proportion to their obligations. I went out shopping one afternoon with a late Minister for Foreign affairs, now an Ambassador. He was going with the President to Hamburg on some official mission. He must have a tall hat for the occasion. Since the Revolution he no longer had one. A new tall hat would cost 8,000 marks ; he could not afford it and so he hired one.

With all the Germans I met it was the same. Friends who ordinarily would ask one to dine and dance, or go to a play, could no longer afford to. They were very proud and would accept no invitation from foreigners.

A Professor at the Staatbibliothek said that before the war 5,000 marks a year was an adequate income ; now one was desperately poor on 5,000 marks a month. It was even difficult to afford foreign books. Therefore German intellectuals knew very little about what was happening culturally and scientifically in other countries. Writers could not publish books because of the cost of production. Even correspondence was prohibitive to most people on account of the cost of postage.

Professors of the universities had to go without adequate food, or else take their daily meal at a place

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that resembled what was formerly a cabman's shelter. The students helped to pay their college expenses by combining in between their studies work in factories.

I had an argument one day with some English people who had been officially in Berlin for some time and who were rather dismayed at my German sympathy. They assured me that if I remained in Berlin long enough I would get over it. The Englishwoman by way of proving her argument suggested that I come in contact with the kind of German I had not yet met, and to this end invited me to catch the early morning bus ! Her description of the German knocking the women out of their way left me, however, unmoved. Germany is not the only country where the woman had to take her chance in the work-hour rush. And from what I know of women they can hold their own pretty successfully against any man when it comes to rushing ! I could probably knock a man off a bus quite as aptly as he could knock me. At all events, even if the German woman is treated to an equality with a man in the work-hour shuffle, she is represented in Parliament by something like twenty-five members. In England we may get gentler omnibus treatment, but we have only two women in Parliament, one of them an American ! When Dr. Breitscheidt, the leader of the Independent Socialists, said that England was only Germany's friend because her welfare depended upon Germany's existence, he may have been right, and it may be the national in me that is fearful for England and fearful for Europe. But besides this, I have almost a childish sense of justice. Forgiveness should

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always follow punishment. Whenever after a punishment I said I was sorry and made my apology and it was not accepted, my humility was turned into fury, impotent maybe, but nevertheless a fury that did not make for reconstruction of peace in the household.

It will be the same with Germany. Nations are as individuals. It is no longer a question to-day of being pro- or anti-German ; it is a case of being sane or insane. The fate of Europe hangs in the balance. One cannot overrate the danger that is threatening. The situations of to-day have never arisen before in history, and therefore no economic expert, no statesman, no General, philosopher or scientist, can predict what is going to happen. Nor has anyone any constructive plan. In Russia, for instance, conditions have evolved quite independently of human intention. Austria is almost beyond moral handling. Germany is rapidly going the same way. One may even ask, what is to happen to France ?

I sat next to Chancellor Wirth one night, at a dinner at the British Embassy, and the Chancellor, by way of illustrating the economic condition of the several nations, told me the story of how the foreign Ministers at Genoa paid their hotel bills :

“ Mr. Lloyd George pulled out of his pocket a few pound notes.

“ The German Chancellor wrote a cheque on the Reichstag bank for more notes than any one individual could carry.

“ The Austrian representative announced that a trainload of Kronen stood on a siding.

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“Chicherin produced a printing press and said : ‘Make what you need.’”

If it were not so tragic it would be comic.

Europe teaches one many things to-day. Not only does it teach one that money has no significance and that human endeavour is futile, but it also teaches one the emptiness of words. I hope I may remember never again to talk about the soul, the spirit, idealism, civilization or democracy, socialism, proletariat, or the will of the majority, the right of equality, the sanctity of freedom or the self-determination of nations. All these words are meaningless. “Liberty, equality, fraternity” have but the hollow sound of echoes.

CHAPTER 9

Danzig Free State, August, 1922

ON August 19 I left Berlin at 8 a.m. by airplane for Danzig. I had with me the Warsaw correspondent of the *New York World*, Vladimir Korostovetz, an *émigré* Russian, once a secretary of Miliukof, a man liberal in his views and one who has had more adventures than most people in Russia. The airplane was very comfortable ; it was like a motor chassis on wings, and one could take a reasonable amount of luggage. The air was what I believe aviators call "bumpy."

I never realized before that lakes and forests affect the atmosphere above them. Whenever we passed over any (and we did many), our machine seemed to drop, as though into a hole, and then pick itself up again with all the sensation of a switchback railway. It was far worse than any rough sea. Besides this, we went from storm to storm.

Whatever Korostovetz thought of me as a fellow-passenger, I was far too sick to care. I opened my eyes now and then to look at the patchwork world below, and the clouds that ran parallel, and I had enough mind left to wonder why rivers look as if a child had scribbled with white chalk on the earth's surface. Once we went over the top of a rainbow, but I could not take any interest.

Something did go wrong with the machinery ; the oil gauge came off, and we dropped a few feet. I did

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not care if we crashed, and I never knew how the gauge was readjusted. Korostovetz, who was fully conscious of what was happening, looked at my hand and saw I had a broken line of life, and believed this was the end. As an afterthought he looked at his own and saw that his line of life was quite intact up to a much later date, and was reassured.

At Stettin we alighted for fifteen minutes, had our luggage examined, drank coffee, which restored a little life, and then went up again. It is obviously a very simple, inexpensive and rapid means of transit, which has tremendous possibilities in the future. We did a ten-hour train journey in five hours. But I think that humans will have to develop a new sense in order to adapt themselves to this air travelling, in order not to die of air-sickness ! Just now even the sight of a bird on the wing nauseates me !

People ask me why I went to Danzig. The reason is this : My new map of Europe, which godfathers all my decisions as to movements, displayed in a little northern corner a patch of white. My map describes " these areas left white " as being " at present administered by League of Nations." I didn't know that the League of Nations really lived. I thought it was something that President Wilson had invented, and that the United States had laughed at, and that had been despised and rejected and killed. Upon inquiry I found that I was quite wrong, and then Korostovetz, who lives in Danzig (because a Russian must live somewhere, and Danzig is as good as any other place, and is a centre of political intrigue and of international propaganda), said, " Come and see."

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One has but to look at the map to see what a very intriguing situation it commands. Before the war Danzig was in East Prussia. Europe was very simple in those days, when the frontier was German and Russian. But since the Versailles Treaty Lithuania has ceased to be Russia, and so has Poland ; and Mr. Wilson said that Poland must have access to the sea and the French backed him up and said " Yes ! the Poles shall have Danzig ! " quite regardless of the Allied slogan, " Self-determination of Nations."

Mr. Lloyd George then intervened and suggested in his compromising way that instead of Danzig with its German origin and 96 per cent. German population being given to Poland, that Danzig go back to its status of the Middle Ages and become a free city once more but under the protection of the League of Nations ! It sounded simple enough, but it has resulted in what is called a " Polish corridor," which cuts off and isolates the farthest block of East Prussia. The complications and the disagreements and the difficulties resulting are indescribable. If all the brains of Versailles put their heads together to make a puzzle that could not be unravelled, and to create a situation of instability and unrest, and of hatred and malice, they certainly succeeded.

Danzig Free State, which comprises three other towns like suburbs, within half an hour of each other by train, has a Parliament and a Senate. It has a Danzig (which is German) President of the Senate, a Danzig Minister for Foreign Affairs, a few Polish representatives in Parliament, and a British High Commissioner under

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the League of Nations, who spends from morning till night settling Polish and German disputes.

The High Commissioner was General Sir Richard Haking, and he had a sense of fair play, sense of humour and a complete indifference to both sides. Mr. Sahm, the President of the Senate, discussing the impending departure of General Haking, said : " If he does go it is most unfortunate—much depends on the appointment of his successor. It is vitally necessary that we have an Englishman." Probably the Poles thought it vitally important to them to have a Frenchman !

Poland has for centuries looked with covetous eye on the strategic Port of Danzig. When Russia was prosperous all the grain export came down the Vistula and gave great commercial prosperity to Danzig. They still live in hopes of a restored Russia. Poland declares that Danzig is Slav by origin and that it should belong to them according to the theory of " self-determination."

But, as a matter of fact, from 4000 B.C. to 400 A.D. the territories of the Vistula from Danzig to Carpathe were inhabited by Teutons, people who at various times came over from Denmark and Sweden, who were the Vandals and the Goths and Germans. It was not until the sixth century that the Slavs began to leave their strongholds in Russia to occupy the territory vacated by the Germans.

I was shown the archives, in which the earliest Polish documents and letters from the Polish Kings to the Free State of Danzig were written in German. There were other letters of immense interest from Elizabeth of England, Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II, Queen

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Anne and also from the French Kings, Louis IV, XV, XVI, and from Catherine of Russia, Gustav Vasa of Sweden, etc., etc., addressed to the Free City of Danzig, who in the days of the Hanseatic League had unparalleled importance and international prosperity.

Everybody was very touchy in Danzig, and anxious to assure one that Danzig is German, not Polish. The proofs they produced and their earnestness in the matter was quite unnecessary, for even to the most casual observer it was a noticeable fact that there is no Polish influence or trace anywhere, either on the architecture or decoration, or art or language, or in the lives of the people. It is strange that with a Polish frontier so close, some Slav influence should not have penetrated.

If foreign influence there is at all, it is more Dutch. This seemed to me very much the case with some of the old interiors, as, for instance, in the Mayor's house and the old "Exchange" with its marqueterie panelling and heavy oak carving. There are old streets in Danzig where the high, narrow houses are painted outside in bright designs and the relief is picked out in gold. I wondered that it withstood the severity of the weather.

There are beautiful mediæval places in Danzig, not buildings and streets only, but untouched, exquisite interiors. One of the best restaurants is a vaulted underground cellar of gigantic proportion, called the Ratskeller, which in 1662 was the club of the Hanseatic League.

The Cathedral is one of the oldest and largest and most beautiful in Europe. Danzig, the "Key to the East" as she is so often called, has a position for her size

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of almost insolent importance. In her harbour, which I visited in all its length, I saw the *Columbus* in process of construction for the Nord Deutscher Lloyd. She is sister ship to the *Homeric*.

Before the war all the German submarines were built in Danzig dockyards. Even to-day there are ships flying every nation's flag, and one ship was taking Polish emigrants on board for America.

The Treaty of Versailles has given to Poland part of an island in the middle of the harbour. It causes indescribable complications. For instance, the Poles wish to make this island a dumping-ground for their munitions. Danzig protests against such close proximity of explosives to their dockyards. As General Haking had been unable to give a decision on this point, each party was preparing to start off to Geneva to lay their dispute before the forthcoming convention of the League of Nations.

About twenty minutes away by train, and still part of the Danzig Free State, is a little town on the seashore called Zoppot. It has a casino and a garden and a pier and a great many restaurants with music, and one does not usually get back from Zoppot before dawn. Zoppot is full of Russians. In one restaurant, where there is a stage, a Russian vaudeville show was going on. At midnight we went to a little café under the gambling rooms. It was overcrowded with Russians. Here was a gipsy chorus, exactly like the ones in Berlin and those who sing in the "Chauve Souris" theatre.

Evidently these gipsy choruses are very characteristically Russian. But at Zoppot the so-called gipsies seemed

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to be less gipsy and more aristocratic *émigrés*. Chief among them was a tall, middle-aged, rather handsome Prince Galitzin and his wife and a young Baron Dellingshausen, also with his wife. I wondered why they could find nothing better to do, but I suppose in a rapidly crumbling Europe, full of skilled unemployed, there is not much chance of employment for the unskilled aristocrats of Russia. It seemed to me an irony that these fugitives should have to sing with broken hearts for their bread and butter, but Russian hearts have a great capacity for straining without breaking.

Meanwhile, the café was like an intimate party, all singing together, drinking to the dancers and to one another in their tragic yet cheerful way. A strangely complex people with all the fatalism and the mysticism of the East and the Eastern despotism and arrogance, yet fraternal and democratic and simple as no other people in the world.

Towards the morning the hilarity was inebriate, but even when intoxicated the Russian is not vulgar or noisy, he usually gets expansive and emotional and tells one about his soul. At about four in the morning the open space between the tables was a pool of wine from overturned bottles, and the little Bacchanalian dancer, with grapes in her hair, danced in the wine quite regardless, amid storms of applause.

Afterward I talked to the Baron, as we stood together looking at the dawn rising over the sea. He said wearily : "Je chante ! Je chante ! It is tedious to sing after awhile, but there it is—one must do something. I have lost everything. Now I just live my life for the day

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only, and I live for myself, I sing for myself, I do not think about Russia——”

I asked him if he was never home-sick. “Only when I have too much to drink,” he answered, and asked me why I, an artist, could mix myself up in politics. “Politics are so ugly,” he said, “how can you, who love the beautiful——”

Meanwhile Korostovetz was busy with a friend of his who was asking him to act as his second in a duel on the morrow. They discussed it in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, as if they were planning a joy-ride for a party of four !

The next day I drove out in the afternoon to Hauboudé, where the British Relief Commission has a home for about fifty Russian children, whom they feed back to life. There were children ranging from four to fourteen, chiefly from the Volga district, with the expression of strain and pain that one sees in the faces of old people.

It is one thing to read famine relief reports. It is another thing to stand face to face with a child, as I did, and hear from his own lips the things that he has seen. This little boy of fourteen could speak German, and he told his tale with a simplicity that made one shudder. He was well restored to normal health, but had that hunted look that will probably never leave him. He said that people in his village used to go around selling “flesh,” and that he had seen the dying killed and their bodies cut up for “wurst ” (sausage).

I exclaimed that this was a diabolical story that could not be true, and the child looked at me with his pale

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blue eyes in such frank astonishment ; and he said it was quite true, and that, moreover, he had seen a man cut up his two children and salt them, and he had seen him arrested for it. He told it as if it was quite an ordinary procedure.

Another little boy with terribly frightened eyes and sunk-in cheeks was just learning, they said, to smile, after many months. He had spent four weeks in a cave, fearing to go out lest he be killed and eaten. There was a little girl of four who still screamed out sometimes in her sleep : " Ich sterbe ! Ich sterbe ! " (" I die ! I die ! ") Her mother had died uttering that cry, with the child in her arms, and the cry still haunted her.

I do not want to write of horrors, especially if it is to no purpose, nor do I go out of my way to write of Russians. I write merely whatever forces itself upon my notice. There are said to be two million Russian refugees scattered over the world. Most of these belong to the educated and cultivated class. It is impossible to ignore them ; even broken in spirit they are still a great vital force and are making an effect, both psychologically and artistically, upon the people among whom they are living. They have to be included very largely in the picture of European conditions.

I got back from Danzig (by train) just in time to keep an appointment at twelve to see Chicherin at the Russian Embassy. I went through rooms, and rooms, and rooms to get to him. All of them full of lovely bits of furniture, and the usual gilt regal chairs, and silk-hung walls. Finally a door next to me opened ajar, the face of Chicherin peeped furtively out and beckoned me in. I was instantly

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amazed by the change that had taken place in his appearance. In old days in Moscow Chicherin had the thin ascetic face, and the nervous strained eyes of a man who is overworked and underfed. An interesting look. To-day he has round pink cheeks, and the evasive look of a man who does not mean that anyone should know what he really thinks.

He adopted an attitude at once ; he said : " I think—I met you at a dinner at Moscow ? " I left it at that, and we started off on that footing, he with cautious reserve.

We talked about America, and he seemed not very well-informed, I thought. He talked about the Anti-Soviet propaganda that was being done in America with films, showing atrocities. I had seen no such films. He said that some one coming from Washington had told him that the President was willing to recognize the Russian Government, and that Mr. Hughes also was in favour of doing so, but said he could not go against public opinion. I happen to know it is just the other way round, public opinion, especially in the business world, is quite in favour of recognition, but can do nothing against the prejudices of Mr. Hughes !

We passed on from that subject to England, and from him I learnt of the murder of Michael Collins, which astounded me. The deaths, almost simultaneously, of Collins and Griffith open up an entirely new Irish situation which I cannot visualize.

I tried to get on to the subject of Russia. I asked Chicherin of what use had been all the suffering and the sacrifice and the effort of the Revolution if to-day they were back where they were, with all the inequalities of

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nouveaux riches and starving poor. He said that the *nouveaux riches* made a good deal of noise, but did not count much. That inevitably these were the people who speculated with the passing economic phases, but they made money one day and lost it the next, and were a very impermanent class. "The Government of Russia," he said, "is still in the hands of the workers. That is the main thing, and the workers are better off than the intelligentsia."

He asked me if I met many *émigré* Russians. I said it was inevitable as there are two millions of them spread over the world. He said he, too, had heard that figure stated and he wondered who had made the statement, and how it had been arrived at. I did not know. He then went on to say that it would be interesting to know what the *émigrés* say, and what they think. It seemed to me strange that any Bolshevik, even the isolated Chicherin, would be in ignorance of what the *émigré* Russians think. I told him that in America the Russians who are not Bolshevik boycott me, and he looked surprised! But I said it would be easy enough to get in touch with them if one wanted too.

He then told me an amusing story about his secretary Florinsky, who was having supper one night at the "Monico," where all the Russians go. He was discussing Chicherin with some friends. Whereupon an old Czarist General at the next table leaned over and said, "I do not know who you are, but you would oblige me by not mentioning so loudly a name that nauseates me." A good story to tell on oneself! Chicherin has an excellent sense of humour!

CHAPTER 10

Geneva, September, 1922

I WAS all ready to start for Prague and Vienna, when the British Ambassador in Berlin, Lord D'Abernon, said to me, "No—go to Geneva. Prague and Vienna can wait, but at the League of Nations you will find all the Statesmen of Europe whom you want to meet, and you will learn more about the European situation there than if you travelled for months in the individual countries." Accordingly, being as usual swayed by the latest suggestions, and although bored to death at the thought of Switzerland, I left Berlin at night and arrived in Geneva late the following night.

I had an awful time getting through the German and Swiss Customs. They were being dreadfully thorough, and it was obvious that unless I asserted myself I wouldn't get in time to the Geneva train, and that meant simply not arriving that night. The Germans wanted to know if I had bought things in Germany. I looked them straight in the eye, and said I had been to Paris—and had done my shopping there. They looked hurt and never recognized my one-day-old dressing-case, nor could they tell that the white fur coat with a "Louvre Paris" tag carefully sewn on, had come from Berlin! They didn't probe to the bottom and see all my shoes with the makers' names. And they couldn't expect me to wear an old-looking red velvet evening dress, so they passed me on.

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The Swiss showed signs of completely overhauling everything. I asked : "What exactly are you looking for?" He said : "Haven't you some presents for your friends en Suisse?" I told him I didn't know a soul "en Suisse." He asked me where I came from. I hesitated, and then, "New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and only going to be en Suisse six days——"

He saw the reason of it, and having insisted on looking at my diaries, which I explained to him were no business of his, or of Switzerland's, he finally let me go on, and I caught my train as it was moving.

I wonder why all this tyranny at every frontier, how could men ever have made frontiers so hateful with futile and unnecessary red-tape. It's man, not woman, who invented red-tape, and men are fools,—at least I said so to myself that afternoon in my wrath !

Meanwhile, Geneva station was thronged with diplomats, and people receiving them with such homage. What ceremonial, what fuss, how they love the importance of being earnest—and women look up to them and think them wonderful, and so clever to be going to settle all the difficult problems of the world !

Geneva is a quiet little town on the edge of a big lake. It is the birthplace of Calvin and very suitably cold, calm, unemotional ; the appropriate birthplace for Calvinism. The lake is blue, but it has not the Heaven's colour of an Italian lake. The mountains are impassive, they do not throb inwardly as other mountains do. But as Geneva is in a country that owns three languages,

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it is a very suitable assembling place for Internationals.

The hotels were crowded, and prices were soaring high ! There was no social life, no frivolity, and there were few women. The hotel lounges resembled Parliamentary lobbies where men get together in little groups and talk in undertones. Statesmen always take themselves seriously, but diplomats are more serious still. These were accompanied by so many well-bred, well-trained young secretaries, who all stood around, bowing and kissing what few female hands there were in their environment. They seemed ever on the alert, self-conscious and infinitely preoccupied. They created around their chief an atmosphere of tense deference and importance, that was very effective. At all hours they were interrupted by the arrival of mysterious telegraphic communications, all of which assisted in giving the impression that diplomats are quite indispensable people ! Geneva was full of them. Forty-two different nationalities all moulded into the same type.

The League of Nations had attracted many people as onlookers. Mostly Americans. The Representatives of fifteen American Societies were present. There was Judge Basset Moore of the Court of International Justice. Two members of the Committee of Intellectual Co-operation. Two from the Woodrow Wilson Democracy—one from the World Peace Foundation. Two from the American Academy of Political Science. One from the Foreign Policy Association. Two from the Women's Pro-League Council. One representative of the American Library Association. Five members of

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Vassar College. Four League of Women's Voters. Eleven members of the National Council on Armaments. Seven from Columbia. Three from the Church Peace Union. Six members of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and ten members of the American Peace Society. There were, moreover, a good many American interpreters, lawyers and secretaries attached officially to the Secretariat of the League.

The Third Assembly meeting took place in a large unimpressive hall in the Victoria Hotel, which looked like the interior of a glorified Swiss chalet, a concert hall in which the acoustics are quite deplorable. Two tiers of unvarnished wooden gallery were thronged with people who surveyed the foreign delegates at long rows of wooden desks below. Amid this crowd of onlookers was Paderewski, nervously drumming his fingers on the balustrade, also Mrs. Philip Snowden. Here, too, the Archbishop of Canterbury's hard meditative face, which reminds me of a story told me in Berlin by a Swede, to the effect that the Archbishop's war sermons were translated into Swedish, published in pamphlet form, and distributed all over Sweden by the Atheistic Societies. I felt the needed presence of Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells and D'Annunzio in the gallery, whilst among the official members below, it only required Lenin, Mr. Hughes, and Chancellor Wirth to complete the fraternity of the Nations. There certainly was no attempt to make an effect, no desire to impress onlookers. It was calm, judicial and deliberate. The atmosphere very democratic, no one nation seemed to count more than another. There was something

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even impressive in the unemotional idealism of the occasion. There appeared to be an earnest desire to help. It is an organized society devoid of any fanatical stimulus, such as characterizes most idealistic movements. For that very reason, it has none of the "let down" or spiritual slump that inevitably reacts in fanatical movements. It might, therefore, seem to be a more stable and durable organization. I hate to feel that calmness is stability, that deliberation is judgment, that dullness is depth. In even admitting this, I feel I am losing the fervour of youth. But disillusion hurts too much. It is better to remain cold and calm, like the League.

It was a strange atmosphere to come to after the depression of England, the chaos of Ireland, the madness of Paris, the decadence of Germany with its disintegrated Russians. Here at least there was an effort to save something out of the ruins. Nobody was discouraged. Nobody said: "It can't be done."—Everybody was trying, and "everybody knows more than somebody," as some one said of the psychology of a crowd. If there is a hope for Europe, it is here. If there is anything on earth that can prevent my son being taken for the next war, it is the League. But one is fearful lest this thing be crushed before it can mature. The world is hardly ripe yet for such ideal collaboration between forces. There are too many pessimists, too many mockers, and, above all, self-interest and nationalistic sentiment is still too strong in man.

The success of the League of Nations would mean the consciousness of the world awaking. But the world

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must suffer yet, before its consciousness awakes. Suffer much more. We have had the imperialistic war, and we are having the economic war, but the social war has yet to come, and not until then, when the nations are utterly broken, and starving, and crushed in spirit, too feeble to hate, too weak to prolong the fight, only then will the world consciousness rise to the necessity of a moral collaboration of Nations.

No one has a right to criticize the League. No one can say the League does not exist. One may ask oneself how long it will last, but those who throw stones are helping to kill hope, they are the people who are contributing towards future world chaos.

What interested me more than the Assembly meetings were the Council meetings, where most of the work is done. These take place in some large room in the hotel which is taken over by the League, and called the "Secretariat." Here, at a big round table, one sees the members of the Council. Lord Balfour, enigmatic and detached, sometimes counting the flies on the ceiling, or else covering his face with his hand that none may read his thoughts. But when he speaks, his voice is clear as a bell and he is amazingly concise and forceful. Mr. Hanataux, the impersonation of French reactionism, and with small eyes, and eyebrows that have an upward Mephistophelian slant. He nods or shakes his head assertively as the speeches affect him. On the occasion of the Danzig question, when President Sahm made his statement in German, Mr. Hanataux simply closed his eyes and adopted a look of nausea at the mere sound of the language ! Mr. Hymans of Belgium with a mop

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of grey hair crowning a thin eager face, whose seriousness is relieved by a sense of humour. Next to him Viscount Ischii of Japan, looking like an oriental print dressed in modern clothes, his expression always impassive, mysterious, sinister. Marquis Imperiali, the one-time Italian Ambassador to London, always courteous, the typical aristocrat of the old world, with an eyeglass, a smile and a diplomatic manner, etc., etc. The rest of the people around the room sitting on chairs and sofas, or standing in windows or doorways, were people immediately concerned in the case waiting their turn to be called to speak, as well as various members of the diplomatic corps who happen to be interested. Usually there was Lord Robert Cecil, the League's great enthusiast, sitting characteristically all crumpled up. He has a longer spine, and longer limbs, and longer, bonier fingers than anyone who ever lived, and when he speaks he delivers his speeches as though they were sermons.

On Tuesday, September 5, I was present at a special meeting of the Council to discuss the situation of Austria. The Prelate Chancellor of Austria, Monseigneur Zeipel, made his simple statement. He metaphorically placed the fragments of the one-time proudest Empire at the feet of forty-two nations and asked them to piece it together. It was a tensely dramatic occasion. I was conscious of history in the making. To-day in Europe history is being made every hour. One lives eternities in a few seconds. When Monseigneur had finished his statement, it was announced to the journalists that the

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rest of the Council was to be held in private. Although this was very disappointing, it was very understandable.

Later, when the Council was over, Count Albert Mensdorff and the Austrian Chancellor gave an interview to the assembled Press. I slipped in among them and listened. In a small low room, filling momentarily with smoke, the journalists pressed round like eager students at an inquest. The Austrian representatives stood up before them with their backs to the fireplace. In a short speech, the Chancellor apologized for being able to speak no other language but German, explaining that he had been educated for the Church, that it was the extreme plight of his country that had unexpectedly drawn him into State affairs. He then announced that he was prepared to answer questions. He stood very straight, with his hands behind his back. He is completely bald, and has clear-cut, pronounced features. His attitude was one of both modesty and dignity. Count Albert Mensdorff, whom I knew before the war, when he was Ambassador to London, ever talking about his cousinship with Queen Victoria, and quoting his place in the *Almanac de Gotha*—now stood shrunken and pale and sad, his mouth twitching nervously and a visible effort to suppress emotion. To me it was a most painful moment. The newspaper men asked practical, searching questions. The Austrians never flinched. There seemed to me an indecency, a cruelty in the scene. It was like probing into the details of a tragedy. I left the room on tiptoe, and walked home alone by the edge of the lake. The distant mountains seemed colder

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and more imperturbable than ever, and God seemed very far away. I felt that we were being left dreadfully to ourselves, to unravel great problems, and to try and arrest the course of Destiny.

CHAPTER 11

Geneva, September, 1922

ABOUT a mile away from the Secretariat of the League of Nations, in a lonely villa standing in wooded grounds commanding a view of lake and mountains, is the headquarters of the International Labour Organization.

It was instituted at the time of the Versailles Treaty with the object of "establishing universal Peace, and such a peace can be established only if it is based upon social justice."

Here, once a year, the Assembly meeting takes place to discuss labour conditions. The President is M. Albert Thomas, the Socialist Minister of Munitions for France during the war. Each country is represented by four members, two who officially represent their Government, one who represents the employers, and one the workers. It is almost impossible, without doing so at great length, to go into the details of the rules and aims and of the work already accomplished.

I was, however, given an instance of the kind of work done. The white-lead poisoning was a test case, and especially contested. The Australian delegates fought with tensity, fearing the passing of a decree against the use of white-lead, which would ruin the lead-mine owners of Australia. England fought it, lest a decree against white-lead should let in the leadless French paints and ruin the English market. Doctors were bribed, and doctors disagreed. Feeling ran very high and the

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fight continued for weeks. At last the employers saw they had a *losing cause*, and *in order not to be utterly* beat they agreed to a compromise by which it was decreed that white-lead might be used in exterior painting, where the open air rendered it less injurious, but that it should not be used at all in interior painting. 'The workers' representatives were perfectly satisfied with this compromise.

Incidentally, when the conditions of child-labour in remote places in Persia were reported very ill, and the Foreign Consuls on the spot corroborated these reports, the International Labour office at Geneva protested to the Persian Government and kept on protesting until the Government acted in the matter.

It is obvious in these cases that the moral influence of forty or forty-five nations, acting in concert, cannot be disregarded.

Such an organization opens up a vista of a future, in which social revolutions and all the suffering they entail will be obviated, and the world really made more tolerable and more fit to live in for the workers. No doubt fanatical revolutionaries will have a grievance if the ground for their agitations is made to slip away from under their feet. But the workers of the world, who are so frequently the victims of their own leaders, and whose revolutions are only productive of uncertainty and not of liberty—will, in time, pin their faith on this new International machinery, which is at their disposal, judicial, disinterested, unpolitical, with only the workers' welfare as their aim.

At the head of the Legislative section is Miss Sanger,

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a little quiet Englishwoman with the mentality of a man. For seventeen years she has devoted herself to the study of Foreign Labour Laws. She reads all the annual reports on labour legislation in the world, and selects such as are important enough and which are published by the I.L.O. in three languages in a yearly volume called *Legislative Series*, which bears the date of the year of publication. It is an extremely interesting volume and valuable for reference. It is procurable in America through the Carnegie World Peace Foundation at Washington.

But I did not go to Geneva to study in detail either the League of Nations or the International Labour Organization. I went there to talk with some of the European representatives, and to learn from them the condition of fevered Europe. At the outset my journalistic zeal was bruised. The more people talked to me the less I knew. No two views agreed, and I ended by giving up all hope of arriving at fact. Perhaps fact is only a matter of opinion after all. Moreover, people will not talk at an interview in the same unrestrained way in which they talk if they are having their heads modelled! A straight question seldom receives a straight answer. Of course, I asked indiscreet things because the things that are not indiscreet are not worth asking. When I realized that diplomats never tell one the truth, and determined not to be duped by propagandists, I had great fun going from one to another, asking, for instance, of the Jugo-Slavs what they thought of the Bulgarians, and of the Bulgarians their view of the Jugo-Slavs. Or to the Rumanians on the subject of

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the Russians, and to the Austrians for their opinion of the Rumanians. Likewise the Italian view of the French, and the Polish view of the British. I got some quite stirring opinions of the British from people who thought I was American. Guatemalans were witty about the Swiss, Albanians were anxious to appear civilized and the Brazilians were, I thought, among the most cosmopolitan and broad-minded of the Nations.

As for the League, I was at first inclined to be carried away in the belief of it by Lord Robert Cecil. It is his fetish. He is so beautifully ambitious for it. Is anxious to include Germany (as indeed was every one I talked to) and was of the opinion that Reparations was a fitting subject for the League's discussion. Lord Balfour seemed also genuinely full of hope. He said that one had but to read a rather dull but instructive volume recording the League's achievements to realize that a great many questions had already been settled that needed settling and that could not have been tackled by any other organization. He expatiated on the endless possibilities of the League if it were allowed to thrive. Talking of the conditions generally in Europe, he told me of a recent luncheon at which he had found himself sitting between a Swiss and an Italian. The Swiss began by lamenting the fact that Switzerland's export trade had gone to ruin, owing to her high rate of exchange. Afterwards the Italian poured out his woes on the condition of Italian trade, owing to the depreciation of the lire. Lord Balfour was extremely well-informed of all that is happening in America. He expressed surprise because last winter in Washington, when he went to

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see Mr. Wilson, the ex-President never mentioned the League of Nations " or any of the things we had worked at together at Versailles. He talked entirely about the approaching conflict in the United States between Capital and Labour." Afterwards an Italian joined us in a discussion on the Danzig Polish problem, and caused some merriment by saying that he had been to Poland but he knew only of two reliable Poles, the North Pole and the South Pole ! Among the great representatives of nations, the Scandinavians were among the finest. Mr. Branting, Prime Minister of Sweden, and Dr. Nansen of Norway. Branting has a colossally rugged head, grey wiry hair that stands straight on end, shaggy eyebrows, a dreadfully serious countenance and a deep voice. He looks like some elemental, such as the God of Thunder, come down to earth. He talked about America with the detachment of a neutral and a far-away Northerner. He thought America might take an interest in European affairs as soon as Europe shows a disposition to help herself. He said it was unworthy of any peoples to cry to America for help. One ought to be able to help oneself. He thought, moreover, that the Allies ought to be able to get together and settle the question of debts between themselves and then do something collaborative towards paying America. Then having done the best they could, ask America to do her best to help also.

I asked him about the recent vote on prohibitionism in Sweden. He said that the defeat of the mere suggestion of prohibition was such as even the anti-prohibitionists themselves had never contemplated. The ex-

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planation, he said, lay in the fact that Sweden's two neighbours, Norway and Finland, had adopted prohibition with such complete failure that no such movement could ever find favour in Swedish public opinion.

I asked Nansen about Russia. His hair has grown snow-white since the days when I knew him in London, and small wonder. No one is more sensitive and capable of suffering than he is, in spite of his rugged appearance.

He told me that the Ukraine famine area would still need help this coming winter, and he said that Kameneff had helped him with his relief work in every way.

Nansen's summing-up was, that the Bolsheviks were still there, but not much Bolshevism.

And so were my days spent, talking with one person and another, on every variety of subject.

Amid this riot of opinions from the north, from the south, from middle Europe, from the American Continent, I met an "outsider," one whose Government refused to belong to the Society of Nations, for reasons that were soon explained. He looked like an Englishman, he talked like a Frenchman, and he said that he belonged to the land of "a thousand and one nights." An Arab of the Babylonian-Chaldean tradition. "And your religion?" I asked, hoping to find at last one who actually believed in Mahomet. "Christian," he answered. "What kind of Christian?" I asked. "Protestant, Church of England," he said. It was a great disappointment. A "Church of England Arab"—what a complex! But still, his eyes had a kind of Oriental illusiveness. He was aide-de-camp in chief to

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King Hussein the first, and Counsellor of Foreign Affairs of the Hedjaz.

He poured out his heart in invectives against the Government of Great Britain to whom he would otherwise have been loyal, but they had not fulfilled their signature at Versailles of an Arab Kingdom. The Kingdom of the Hedjaz had been divided up, Palestine was given to the Zionists, Syria to the French, all Allied promises had failed, the Arab race was becoming an enemy instead of an ally. He made me conscious of a world that is not what it seems. He made me feel that all the obvious political policies of Europe are merely veils for what is hidden. The warning is of a war between the Orient and the West, with Constantinople as the key-point. "And when you get to Constantinople, listen—listen," he said, "and if you listen carefully, you will hear the whispering Russians from up there—and the whispering of the Arabs—down there——" he pointed to the map, and for the first time all interest in Europe left me, and I felt the lure of Oriental politics.

It was curious, after living in the atmosphere of the League of Nations, with its long speeches and little settlements, to hear this voice of warning, from the Orient.

The warning was equivalent to a suggestion. The centre of interest was no longer the peace councils of Geneva, but the battlefields of the Turk! The Greek Army at that moment was in full flight, the Turks were flushed with victory, one could not foresee what would happen next. And so I rushed off to secure the first available place on the Orient Express for Constantinople.

CHAPTER 12

Constantinople, September, 1922

ON September 10, I left Lausanne on the Sim, plon Orient Express. It took me straight to Bucharest, three days and two nights. From Bucharest a night's journey to Constanza on the Black Sea, and so by ship to Constantinople. Many of the people on the Express were going straight through to Constantinople, but I was determined that my first view of the great city should be from the Bosphorus and not from the train.

As far as Venice there was a crowd. My *vis-à-vis* in the wagon-restaurant was a charming curly-haired young Briton. He was distressed at having lost his trunk en route. I asked him why he had a trunk, I only had two suit-cases. He didn't seem to have a reason ! But he had travelled straight down from Scotland and had only the clothes he stood up in ! they smelt delicious, of Harris tweed. He insisted upon paying for my luncheon, I had only Swiss money ; he said it would be a waste, as Italian would do just as well, and he hated me to lose on the exchange. . . . So Scotch of him. I protested that I could not allow a stranger to stand me my lunch, and he laughed, said he was very reliable and would not tell.

In the night, in the rain, the train arrived at Venice. Ten minutes' stop only. To have dreamed all one's life of seeing Venice . . . to have let chances slip by because the companionship was not what it should be

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. . . to have waited and waited and then . . . that hazard should take one to Venice, when one is all alone, just for ten minutes in the rain in the middle of the night !

An unknown fellow-traveller, a Rumanian, who knew the journey well, offered, if I would get down from the train, to run with me to the station exit and show me the Canal. So we ran, hatless and breathless, down the platform ! Outside, on the steps that go down to the water's edge, I contemplated the Venetian waterway with its gondolas tied up to the sidewalk waiting for the passengers and their luggage. Under the dripping awnings the gondoliers sat huddled up and cold. The church opposite had no reflection. The water was troubled and black. Venice seemed to shiver. But one realized, nevertheless, what Venice might be. Even under such adverse conditions it was like some theatre scene, unreal in its beauty. There was only about four minutes in which to dream, and then, back to the train, and we rattled hurriedly away into the night.

The next morning we arrived at about 9 a.m. at Zagreb, where Lajos Shuk, the 'cellist, whom I had known on the ship crossing from New York to England, came to meet me, with an enormous bunch of white flowers, like a bridal bouquet. He gave me breakfast in the station, reproached me for not breaking my journey by going to stay with his parents, and then bade me a tearful farewell.

That day I lunched in the wagon-restaurant opposite a very dignified and severe-looking foreigner, and it was not until the end of luncheon that I was unable to restrain

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myself from asking him the name of the very wide river we crossed. He didn't know but became pleasantly conversational. He turned out to be an Italian Colonel attached to the High Commission of Constantinople. He was hurrying back because a crisis was imminent. I told him I, too, was hurrying there, but that I preferred to go via Bucharest, and so by sea. He regretted our broken journey and presented me with his card, and asked me to be sure and allow him to be "At my service." (Upon my arrival I did, and he proved to be a very charming and cultured friend who showed me most of the best things that I subsequently saw in Constantinople.) In the course of conversation with the wagon-lit attendant, I learnt there was a restaurant in Constantinople in which the waitresses are all Russian Princesses ! The wagon-lit man said that he always went there whenever he got to Constantinople, explaining : " It is very agreeable to be waited on by princesses, they do it so well, they are quiet and quick and amiable, and they accept no ' pourboires ' ! but the management will not allow them to dance with the clients until after ten o'clock, that is why most people get there late. . . ." I felt so glad that the proletariat praised the way aristocrats worked, it is a great satisfaction to feel that the princesses were not amateurish, and that they excelled in amiability.

At a desolate small Jugo-Slavian town we stopped for about three hours. The unknown Rumanian chartered a rickety carriage with two half-dead horses, and took me for a drive through the mud. He was very anxious to be of use, and could not bear that I should

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be travelling about the world alone. He assured me that one word from me and he would join me at Constantinople, at Athens, at Venice, at any place I mentioned, and be honoured to be allowed to show me round and be "of service."

The next evening, at the station before Bucharest, he was arrested by two policemen as a notorious contrabandist. At about 10 p.m. the train steamed into Bucharest. To my intense relief I recognized my little Spanish friend, the bank director, who had shown me Paris. He and a friend of his greeted me warmly. I do not know what I should have done without them. At that hour of the night in an unknown far-away capital I should have felt lonely and lost indeed. The little Spaniard seemed now like a lifelong friend.

Bucharest being a small overcrowded city, it is impossible for anyone, and especially a stranger, to find rooms anywhere. There are not enough hotels, and sometimes even a huge bribe to the officials cannot secure for one a room. The Spaniard, although an inhabitant of Bucharest, had utterly failed in his effort to find one for me. But his friend who accompanied him to the station, gave me his, at the Athenaeum Palace Hotel, and went himself to stay at the Spaniard's bachelor house. My room at the hotel was small, and full of the owner's clothes, but I was too tired to care, and I fell asleep with the photograph of the strange man's baby by my bedside !

The next morning I rang and asked for a bath. I was told there was no hot water. I said I would have a cold bath, I was told there was no cold water either.

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I asked for some coffee, and was told I would have to have tea, because there was no milk. The town was breathlessly hot, and very dull. I left the glorified village Saturday, 16th, being the first date on which a ship sailed from Constanza to Constantinople.

The Spanish bank director insisted that his valet should travel on the same train, the whole night's journey to Constanza, to put me safely on board the boat ! I protested that I was used to looking after myself, and that I liked it, etc., etc. He would listen to no argument. Before my train left, there was an awful row at the station : a goods train with cattle trucks full of peasants inside as well as on the roof, started slowly. People were still boarding it, hanging on and climbing on in every possible way, and running after it. Those who failed to get on or, were thrown off, started to fight. There was a shout that some one had knifed another. Women screamed and babies cried, and the crowd gesticulated and shouted. Policemen made arrests, and kicked and cuffed the protesting prisoners.

By the time my train left I began to understand why my friend had wanted me to be accompanied !

From Constanza on the Black Sea to Constantinople is a night's journey, and at dawn we entered the Bosphorus. Instead of the traditional rose-coloured scene, it poured with rain, but even rain did not matter. Nothing could neutralize the dignity and variety of outline, the splendour of Constantinople, rising like a silver-grey mass out of the sea.

For the first time I did not regret being alone. I was thankful there was no one special to speak

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to. "Silence is the only vent to the highest emotions."

Constantinople being under inter-Allied control, Italians examined my passport. It happened to be their week on. The Allies took it in turns. The British, I had been told, ask an infinity of questions. They are full of red-tape, but the Italians were quite unconcerned. On shore, the Turks very solemnly inscribed my name in Turkish letters right to left in a ledger, bowed courteously and let me pass.

Constantinople was hung with Turkish flags to celebrate their victory over the Greeks. Everywhere I saw pictures of Mustapha Kemal. The Turk felt proud at last, and he looked at the foreign uniformed officials of three nations with whom the streets were thronged, and his look was that of a man who knows he can be tolerant for a little longer, because the end is near.

I seemed to have arrived at the psychological moment. The air was full of wild rumours, which were denied and then reasserted. Every day, every hour, the atmosphere grew more tense. One re-lived the momentous days of August, 1914. At that moment big things were hanging in the balance. Almost one footstep too far might bring about another World War, with the battlefields in the East instead of the West.

Turks and British each believed the other was bluffing. Constantinople, with its motley population, would seem to represent the crystallization of European problems. Here the inter-Allied forces were divided among themselves, the British on the brink of war with the Turk and the French equipping the Turk while declaring

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with the Italians that they would take no part in any hostilities.

The Americans were neutral and calm, with that detachment which is genuine indifference. Here also were ragged remnants of Wrangel's Russian Army, terrified lest the entry of Kemal into Constantinople bring in the allied Bolsheviki.

Innumerable Greeks and Armenians, who formed part of the permanent population, were in a state of panic at the possibility of Turkish occupation.

Meanwhile, the Sultan, who had bound himself body and soul to the Allies for protection, and who a year ago condemned Mustapha Kemal to death, was lamenting the Turkish victories and praying to Allah to protect him from the Kemalists. The Turkish population of Stamboul were jubilant with delight and wearing pictures of Kemal in their buttonholes.

This situation should present a fine study for the student of international law. Admiral Bristol outlined it for me, and it sounds like a tangled puzzle. Here is his summing-up :

The Allies in Constantinople, in military occupation, were maintaining an armistice in Turkey, which included Thrace in Europe and Anatolia in Asia.

An ally of those Allies (Greece) was at war with the Turk, the enemy of the Allies. The Allies had proclaimed neutrality in the country where they maintained an armistice between their old enemy (Turkey) and their ally (Greece).

While maintaining this neutrality they allowed the

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Greeks, their ally, to use Constantinople, a neutral port, as a base of operations against their old enemy the Turks, with whom they were maintaining a neutrality.

At the same time, the enemy's forces in Constantinople, the Turks, were assisting the Allies in maintaining a line of defence against their allies, the Greeks, and at the same time had an understanding with their enemy, the Turk, that they, the Turks, would not attack the neutral zone on the European side against the Greeks. And while defending the neutral zone in Europe, they allowed the Greeks to violate the neutrality of the neutral zone by transferring their troops across the Marmora from Anatolia to Thrace. And while the Bolsheviki were helping the Turks against the Greeks, the Allies allowed the Bolsheviki to have a diplomatic mission in Constantinople, a neutral port.

Incidentally, the Greeks maintained a military mission in Constantinople and conscripted Greeks and marched them through the streets amid the Turkish population, with a band and a Greek flag at the head of their column, and embarked them at Constantinople for the army in Anatolia to fight the Turks.

Small wonder that America does not want to meddle in European affairs ! As for the journalists, they were wringing their hands and tearing their hair. There was inter-Allied as well as Turkish censorship, and by the time the British, the French, the Italians and the Turks had deleted everything that might be critical of themselves or out of keeping with their policy, there was

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nothing left. The daily papers were full of gaps, and news was very scant.

When I first arrived in Constantinople I was bewildered by the beauty of it, by the complication and the individuality of it, by the chaos occasioned by inter-Allied control. I saw Constantinople, but I did not see Turkey.

After a while I began to see, and I began to understand. Almost the greatest phenomenon of our age, after the Russian revolution, is the spirit of Turkish nationalism. It is genuine, it is immense. Consider that these people were beaten in the World War, badly beaten. They were poverty-stricken, dispirited and crushed, and so *in extremis* that they begged for an American mandate. They were willing, even anxious, to be a protectorate of the United States, but the United States refused.

And out of their misery and their humiliation and their despair one man has lifted them, one man has brought them hope. Out of their defeat one man has led them to victory. Out of their nothingness one man has created everything they have and are to-day. There is not a Turkish man, woman or child who does not worship Mustapha Kemal, and in Constantinople they were waiting for him, as for a Saviour.

The British were particularly severe against what they called "obstruction." All gatherings in the street were forbidden. If a cab-driver was waiting opposite a front door for his client to come out, he would be fined by the British for obstructing. When he had moved on and stopped his cab on the opposite side, the French would

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fine him again ! A friend of mine one night came upon a coachman who was being beaten with his own whip by some English soldier police.¹ Neither the police nor the cabman could understand one another.

My friend, who knew both their languages, intervened. He learned from the cab-driver that the English were demanding five Turkish pounds because he had obstructed the empty street with his cab. He had not five pounds, so to ensure that he would pay it on the morrow they were preparing to take his lamps as hostage. The tearful cabman explained :

“ If they take my lamps, I shall be fined again on my way home for having no lights ; let them take the cushions of the seat instead.”

But remonstrance with the police was useless, and so my friend left them to fight it out.

When I was weary of rumours and complaints and the atmosphere of inter-Allied Péra, I drove across the bridge to find calm among the Turks of Stamboul. My bedroom window looked out upon Stamboul. Every morning I saw the slender minarets pierce through the opalescent mist, and I heard the muezzin from the topmost gallery chant his appeal to the faithful to come to prayer. In the golden glow of the sunset the minarets looked like giant spears standing sentinel.

Before going inside a mosque the faithful do their ablutions at the little fountains in the courtyard. They wash their hands and feet and then, barefoot, enter the

¹ These so-called English police were in many cases naturalized Armenians or Levantines, who entered the British service, wore the British uniform and who absolutely discredited British prestige.

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mosque. There is no altar ; they just kneel down toward Mecca and say their prayers, swaying their bodies in rhythm to a chant.

The infidel like myself does not have to remove shoes, but slips into a big pair of sandals and shuffles around on the soft prayer carpets. I could stand for hours listening to the monotonous chant, which has a kind of hypnotic effect upon me. In all the mosques there is an inscription in those beautiful indecipherable Eastern letters which says :

“ There is but one God, and that is God.”

It seemed to do away with all argument and spares one all details of creed ! I have heard Catholics say they found it just as easy to pray in a mosque as in a cathedral. Opposite St. Sophia is the Mosque Ahmed, in the Hippodrome. Its wide, low latticed windows look directly on to the Bosphorus and the distant coast of Asia in the direction of Mecca.

I have driven through Stamboul in the dead of night when it seemed a sort of phantom town, deserted and dead, when the six white minarets of the Mosque Ahmed rose up out of the light and shade of trees and seemed to be supporting the brilliant star-strewn sky, and the world was a beautiful dream from which one feared to awake.

At night one sees on the one side of the Golden Horn Stamboul, the Turkish town, a black silhouette of domed mosques, sleeping the calm, untroubled sleep of the fatalistic Oriental. From sundown, still as death, never a light. On the other side, across the bridge, Péra in violent contrast, brightly illumined, scintillating ner-

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vously—emblematic of the restless anxiety of the Western intruders.

In every house in sleeping Stamboul there is a picture of Mustapha Kemal, and everybody knows that the Nation's Saviour will come to Constantinople before long. No wonder Stamboul sleeps so calmly. No wonder the lights of Péra tremble feverishly.

On Friday, September 22, I was taken by a member of the Italian High Commission who had a special pass, to see one of the last Selamluks in which the late Sultan was destined to be seen. From a terrace of the palace we had a perfect view of the Sultan driving to his mosque for Friday service. . . . The sun shone down on the scarlet infantry with their white fur caps, and the blue cavalry and the white sailors and the khaki fire brigade who lined the route. There was a pride and a glamour in their appearance, for even the Sultan's bodyguard must be proud of Kemal's victory. The Sultan drove by in his carriage and pair at walking pace, surrounded by his eunuchs, who walked down the hill on either side of the royal carriage. The Sultan, who looked ashen grey in the face, the colour of his uniform, saluted us grimly, who bowed to him from the terrace.

The soldiers, at the word of command, gave one cheer, the band played a few bars of a national hymn, and the priest from the minaret, in a high-pitched feminine voice, called the faithful to prayer. The stage management was perfect.

In Constantinople the only representative of Angora was Hamid Bey. I went up to the headquarters of the Red Crescent and asked for him. Hamid is a big,

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square, forceful, Europeanized Turk, with the look of an eagle and the manner of an eighteenth-century courtier.

The day I went had been more than usually full of wild rumours, and he told me what every one was longing to know. He said the Turkish Army meant to pass the Straits. The Greek Army had passed, and the Turks had a claim to equal neutral rights. General Harington had been to see him and said that if the Turks attempted to pass he had orders to fire. These agonizingly dangerous situations had a way of dragging on indefinitely. Hamid Bey repeated to me the sequence of events of the last four years : the Allied injustice toward the Turk, the delayed peace negotiations, the broken promises, the non-fulfilments, the abuses, the insults, culminating in the Greek occupation of Smyrna. I realized the Turkish point of view, the Turkish grievance. He gave me to understand that the Turks were perfectly determined to gain both Thrace and Constantinople. They are confident and strongly supported. I told him of my desire to see Mustapha Kemal Pasha. To see him I must go to Smyrna. Hamid Bey was understanding and helpful ; he told me of the first ship that was going, and gave me a Turkish identification paper, advising me to forget, for the time being, both my British citizenship and my passport, neither of which would be of much advantage in Turkey, outside of Constantinople. Before leaving I asked him anxiously : " Will it be difficult for me, as a woman, to be taken seriously by Kemal Pasha ? " and Hamid Bey replied with great solemnity : " Madame, I would like you to understand that we Turks are very appreciative of women."

CHAPTER 13

Smyrna, September, 1922

HAMID BEY gave me a Turkish identification paper in order that I might be able to land at Smyrna. Nevertheless, I had to get the inter-Allied *visa* without which one cannot leave Constantinople, and it took all day to get it because it had to be sent by the British to the French and Italians. A little Cockney private, on duty at the British passport office, asked me if I had the Greek *visa* for Smyrna. I said : " My friend, you are about two weeks behind the times, I have got the Turkish *visa* for Smyrna ! " He looked discomfited.

The Messagerie Maritime boat was full of French officers on their way to Beirut. The ship only stopped at Smyrna to disembark a delegation of the Red Crescent. When three Turkish officials came aboard to look at our passports, I presented my paper from Hamid Bey. What was written on it I have never known, but each official passed it from one to the other, and then they all three stood up and solemnly shook hands with me. I asked if there was a hotel ashore to which I could go, and was told there was nothing of the sort, as the town was burnt down. One could see the hollow shell-like house-fronts along the water's edge, and smoke still rising from the ruins. Nevertheless, I had expected there might be something left. There were a few houses, but these had been taken by various Consulates whose headquarters had been burnt. There was, however, a

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sort of hotel in the Turkish quarter, but the Turk who told me, said he did not think I would be very comfortable there. If the Turk said so, then it must be bad indeed. Nor did anyone know of the existence of a British Consulate.

The British, so I was told, had evacuated, there was not supposed to be one left. The British flag was conspicuous by its absence. French, Italian, and American flags were prominently flying from the few houses that remained intact along the nearer front.

It seemed strange not to see my own flag which one finds almost everywhere, and which is supposed to be emblematical of law and order and protection. But these were days of great tension, Britain was on the verge of war with Turkey, it might break out any day, any hour. I began to realize that I was a British subject in the enemy's midst, albeit an enemy that I liked very much ! There seemed but one thing left to do, and it was suggested by a newspaper correspondent who happened to be attached to the French and going to Syria. He said he knew the Commander of one of the American destroyers, and he offered to take me in a little boat alongside, and introduce me. What the Commander's first feelings were I have often wondered. What surprise at a strange woman coming alongside his destroyer, with her suit cases and a petrol can full of modelling clay, and asking for hospitality ! I explained to him that I had heard there was a hotel in the Turkish quarter, but he made a very peremptory gesture and said that was impossible. "The town is full of irregulars, you cannot even go ashore unaccompanied——" he said. I felt an awful mis-

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giving, for he looked rather severe, the sort of man who is conscious of his responsibility. He saw that my situation was distinctly desperate. He could not drop me overboard, he could not land me on the shore, he did the only thing possible, and did it graciously. Some one gave up their cabin to me. I shall never forget those five days on board the destroyer. I was treated as a man with that absolute camaraderie and simplicity of hospitality, that made one feel one was not in the way.

The next day I went ashore with one of the lieutenants, and he borrowed a car from the United States Consulate and motored me to the house outside the town where Mustapha Kemal Pasha was living, and he waited for me while I had my interview.

The villa in which Kemal Pasha had his temporary headquarters was at the top of a terraced garden overlooking the bay. As I climbed the thousand steps I appreciated the sound of running water and the shade of the only trees that seemed to be in Smyrna.

There were several people sitting on the verandah drinking coffee, and there was a disconcerting silence as they watched me go indoors to my interview. I was ushered into a room, and the man who came forward to shake hands with me, with a very low bow, was dressed in so simple a uniform, and looked so modest and unmilitaristic that I did not dream this was Mustapha Kemal until he said his name. Nor did he look Oriental, with fair hair and blue eyes. He seemed to me rather a dreamy, uncommunicative personality, whose looks are completely spoiled when he smiles by a quantity of gold

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teeth. He placed me on a sofa and himself with his back to an open window, outside which, on the verandah, sat a man listening to everything we said.

I realized the Oriental in him at once, his ceremonious attitude and his unfathomable thoughts. A deferential manner toward women being a veil which masked his prenatally obsessed mind, which regards women as inferior.

Nevertheless, he admitted being in favour of the emancipation of woman, and said he looked forward to the days of peace when Turkey would be able to turn her attention in the direction of art and culture.

He rather indignantly denied my assertion that there are no sculptors in Turkey. He said that Turkey had had fourteen years of war, and that Art needed peace conditions in which to flourish.

When I insisted upon the absence even of Turkish art tradition, Kemal Pasha grandiosely waved the discussion aside with a sweeping gesture. While he talked he held a string of red beads to which a silver tassel was attached. He fingered these as if he were saying a rosary.

These, which most Turks carry in their pockets, are the Turkish alternative to an English pipe or American chewing-gum, but worse than either, for they affect an air of calm detachment which is valuable only to a diplomat.

He told me only the day before he had given a two-hour interview to an American press representative, and that it was therefore useless to reiterate the political

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situation, which he already had done at such length, but he insisted on his desire for peace.

"Look how patient we are . . . in order to give England every chance to retire with dignity from the attitude that her statesmen have adopted, and which is not shared by the mass of the English people. Moreover, the sympathy of the Allies and the public opinion of the entire world are with us at this moment."

He hoped to be shortly in Constantinople, but he wanted, if possible, to get there by peaceful means in order to avoid a tragedy similar to that of the burning of Smyrna.

The origin of the fire is a mystery upon which opinion is very divided, but it is utterly illogical to suppose that the Turks would burn anything so infinitely valuable to themselves.

I told him I had spent the morning helping to embark refugees, and that I wondered if it were true, as people said, that Turkey needs these people in her economic existence. The Maréchal was evasive ; he did not know whether they were an asset to the population or not. The Armenians always had given a great deal of trouble. In the Great War they were hostile to the Turkish Government and helped the Russians. The Turkish feeling against the Armenians was absolutely non-religious.

"We are most tolerant of all non-Moslems," he assured me, adding that the Armenians were the victims of foreign political intrigue.

Perhaps if they had been left alone and not been incited by outside influence they might have become assimilated into the Turkish Nation. The Armenians

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enjoyed equal rights of citizenship. Moreover, they had the vote, and Parliamentary representation, and were excused all military service.

We were interrupted for a few minutes by Rauf Bey, the Prime Minister of Angora, a man who treated Kemal Pasha with deepest deference. In shaking hands with me, he said, like an American, that he was "glad to meet me," adding that as he did not speak French, he hoped I did English !

The two spoke Turkish together in a low whisper, doubtless in order that the people on the verandah should not hear. Then Rauf Bey went away, having again been "pleased to meet me."

I asked the Maréchal what had caused his first nationalistic idea. He smiled and said he always had felt nationalistically "from the very beginning," and that he was born of a family who had surrounded him with similar ideas. I told him he was the first who had made use of the Bolsheviki and not been Bolshevized. He said that indeed he was no Communist, but that he saw in Bolshevism a great many fine ideals. But in the Turkish psychology Bolshevism had no root, for the Turks are not industrialists, and the peasants own their land, and there are no large properties and none of the provocative inequalities that one sees in other nations. I had brought with me some photographs of my portrait busts including Lenin, Trotsky, Asquith and Winston Churchill ! He seemed very much interested in them, and I asked him if he would do me the honour of allowing me to do him. I had with immense difficulty found some clay in Constantinople, and had brought it along

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with me in a petrol tin, as already mentioned. Modelling stand of course I had none, but the ship's carpenter would have made me one. The Commander and officers of the destroyer took a tremendous interest in this project of mine, and they were betting that I would succeed, for they seemed to think I always secured my own way, which, however, is not the case. Mustapha Kemal, with Oriental graciousness, but a face that betrayed no inner thoughts, said he would be proud and delighted. My heart leapt ! I saw myself doing the one man who seemed to me since Lenin the most worth-while in the world ! Moreover, his face being clear-cut and his expression sphinx-like, it seemed to me he was a perfect type for sculpture. I knew exactly how I meant to do him, in his tall fur Kalpak. Sculpting is to me what a drug is to some others. When I think about it, it becomes irresistible, and to be thwarted when one has the desire, is positive pain ! I said excitedly : " May I begin to-morrow ? " And then the blow fell. He could not, he said, at that moment promise me sittings. He was up all night working, also he was not in his own house, and had no real workroom. In a very few days he would have to leave Smyrna. " I will sit to you in Constantinople," he said with a smile. " Goodness ! " I exclaimed, " that's a long way off—— " " Perhaps not so long," he answered enigmatically ! " You must find time," I said. " Even Julius Cæsar managed to find the time, and so did Alexander the Great, and so did Napoleon." Mustapha Kemal is quite unsusceptible of flattery. He has a sense of humour, perfect Oriental manners, the sort of manners that make even a westerner

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of the world feel at a disadvantage. He reiterated his promise about *Constantinople*, which roused in me a personal interest in the departure of the Allies ! Presently a servant came in bearing a silver tray on which were beautiful old silver tankards of water and two dishes of jam. The Maréchal told me this was a Turkish habit. No plates were provided. We just dipped our spoons into the jam dish and ate it pure, and washed it down with water.

It was after this that he firmly insisted upon sending for the lady of the house with whom he was staying. She was sitting with some friends outside on the terrace. Among them was Rouchene Echref Bey, the great romantic writer of Turkey, and one of the most charming men I have ever met. Kemal regards him as a brother. Had he sent for him to come and join us, instead of, or as well, as the lady of the house, I should have been happier, but the lady in question was so freezingly unfriendly, I felt it intolerably the moment she came into the room. Even her perfect manners could not obliterate this impression. I felt an irresistible desire to go at once, and I went.

On the whole I was disappointed with my interview as an interview. Mustapha Kemal, in spite of his graciousness, was uncommunicative. I learnt afterwards (long afterwards, when I got to Lausanne) that enemies had preceded my visit and warned the Pasha that I was English and imbued with anti-Turkish views. Although the Pasha had not believed this (for the contrary is obvious the moment I begin to speak about Turkey), it no doubt made its effect. I believe he was

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sorry afterwards and I have been promised a very different reception if I will return and go to Angora. But it is too late. Quite apart from any personal feelings, I realized the depths of the man as I looked at him. His intense cold calmness, his modesty, his iron determination, his unflinching confidence, and then behind those hard blue eyes the distant look, as if he dreamed.

His personality was so overwhelming that it made me nervous. I would have loved not to have had to talk, but to have been able just to look at him. For once I hated being a journalist and felt at a great disadvantage. It was the moment of one's life in which to be a sculptor.

After seeing Mustapha Kemal there was really no reason for remaining in Smyrna, but I had to wait for the opportunity of leaving. No passenger ships called, but about the third day a British cruiser arrived, and it was Admiral Nicholson's flagship. He signalled to me an invitation to lunch. When I got there he said, half laughing and half serious, that I was a nuisance, that I had no right whatever to be in Smyrna, and that I was in the way ! The Admiral grudgingly promised that if there was trouble (in other words war) he would take me on board his flagship. He also offered in the event of my not finding a ship on which to get away, to take me as far as Chanak, and leave me there to find my own way back to Constantinople.

All during those days of waiting, I helped in the embarkation of refugees. Before the British flagship came in, the officers of the destroyer organized the work themselves with help from the Turkish officials, but they were very few in number, and the refugees seemed

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to be an unending mass. The problem was terrific. All day long until sunset we would embark these people in a steady flow, yet their number never seemed to grow less. The first day for me was an initiation into the deepest horrors. I never could have imagined such conditions of suffering. Almost the first hour I had the shock of my life, after which I was shock-proof: I had just gone ashore with an officer, and we were standing next to the Turkish guard, and waiting for the gates to be opened, which admit the refugees to the embarkation pier. It was a fairly quiet moment. Standing next to me was a Greek of military age who had just been arrested by the Turks. After a few minutes I noticed the man was doing something strange, and his eyes were riveted on mine in a curious intent abstract way. I thought at first that he was trying to give himself a morphia injection in the throat, he seemed to be with great effort trying to insert something. And then I saw that he had a knife and that he was evidently trying to cut his jugular vein. I seized the American by the arm, and in a distracted voice cried, "The man is killing himself!" The American severely told me to pull myself together, realizing, as I did not, that I was just about to make a fool of myself. His peremptory advice was exactly what was needed, and I never lost my self-control again. The man who had been trying to commit suicide fell down, knocking his head on a stone, and emitting gurgling noises as though his throat was unable to make word sounds. He proceeded to beat his head upon the stone as though in a further effort to hasten death. It was no good, the stone merely

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turned red as did the clothes round his neck. I turned away, and the next thing we heard was a splash. The man had dragged himself to the water's edge and plunged in. An unmerciful Providence would not permit him to sink, his poor body floated like a wounded bird on the water's surface, and by sheer force of will he kept his face under, insisting upon drowning. I was amazed at the length of time it took, and every moment the red pool in the water grew larger and larger. The Turks, so prodigal of their bullets, never had the mercy to help him in his deed, they just watched as we did, and as the thousands of waiting refugees watched who stood along the quay. The incident itself is not worthy of description, one very soon grew accustomed to the sight of death, but it was the first horror of the sort that I had seen, and for days and days afterwards the man's intent earnest eyes, expressive of desperation, haunted me in the day as well as the night. I can still see them at times, and I believe I shall to the end of my life. The matter gave me furiously to think. I had always imagined it must be so easy to die, death had seemed to me an ever-present danger. But my fatalism has been confirmed by my contact with the Turks. "What is written, is written," I firmly believe. But if it is not written, and the individual tries to force the hour, then it is hard indeed. The terrible difficulty and slowness with which this man died I am sure was due to the fact that his hour had not come as planned by his destiny.

When the Turks waded out into the filthy water that was stagnant and stinking with rotten corpses of men and beasts, I wondered if the dead man's soul was watch-

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ing them while they searched his pockets, removed his notebook and papers, and then took his stained coat off before bringing him ashore. And I wondered if he could see himself being hauled up on the quayside, all limp and dripping, and being dragged face downwards in the dust to be flung on one side like a heavy sack. And then later (he must have been a prisoner of some importance), thrown across the floor of a carriage, and driven away with his absurd button boots sticking out over the edge. My conventional ideas about the dignity of death were dispelled for ever.

After this I witnessed the terrible struggle of the refugees to get through the half-opened gate.

The crowd might be likened to a drifting human stream full of eddies and backwaters. Those who had been carried by the current towards the gate made a rush to get through. The idea was to admit them slowly, few at a time so that there should be no rush, no stampede. But those who could not get through fast enough tried to climb the spiked fence alongside. They would lift their children over, and then fail to get over themselves, or be beaten back by the Turkish guard. Confusion and chaos reigned supreme. The ground was littered with every kind of object; bundles of bedding would be abandoned, silver spoons and forks would be shed, boots, shoes, razors, yards of embroidery and lace, cigarette cases, hats, hairbrushes, utensils, even broken rifles. The sun beat down upon these struggling masses. After they had fought their way, being whipped and trampled on and systematically robbed at each barrier as they passed through, these breathless remnants of

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humanity arrived at the ship's side in a state of hysterical collapse. It was necessary to take their babies from them, and help them up the gangway. I handled babies until my arms ached, dirty, undersized, half dead babies covered with scurvy, sucking at their mother's empty breasts. There were cases of childbirth on the quay, amid the crippled and blind and the very aged who were all fighting to get away. Those who were attended by the ship's doctor, or who managed to be carried on board on a stretcher just in time, were the lucky ones. But one woman gave birth literally as she was being impelled along by the crowd rushing the gates. There was no chance of standing aside, or pausing for one moment. She came through the gate bent double over the newborn infant still attached. A higher form of misery for a woman can scarcely be imagined.

One young boy, overburdened and weak, slipped on the gangway and was drowned between the ship's side and the quay. On deck a frenzied woman beat her breasts and screamed—it was her child. But there was no time for sympathy, others were crowding on, and she was lost in their midst.

A man staggered through the barrier with the burden of a sick woman on his back. She was ghastly in colour, shrunk and dying. He was of military age. The Turkish guard signalled to him to stop. The woman, hysterical and frantic, was placed upon a stretcher and carried to the ship. The man, with undisguised satisfaction, joined the ranks of the prisoners. He was relieved for ever of all further duty towards the woman who had become a burden.

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One learned a lot about human psychology in those days. There was a little girl of eleven whose mother was dead, and her father, although over age, had been taken for military service. The child appealed for help to one of the Americans. With real simplicity and belief she said : " God is awfully busy up in the sky, but He says you will take care of me for Him, and do everything for me that He would do." By great good-fortune, combined with tact, the father was saved. One night leaving the embarkation pier by boat, to return on board the destroyer, I watched searchlights play upon two swimmers from the shore. They were men of military age trying to escape to the refugee ship, the Turks, standing on the pier among the white uniformed British and American Naval officers, firing on the swimmers. They missed them, but got closer every shot. This horrible drama was finally stopped by the American naval captain. He offered to send out a launch to pick up the swimmers, but stipulated that he should return them to the quayside whence they started, as, being a neutral, he could not hand them over to the Turks.

Before the British flagship came into port, the Americans all alone handled the refugee problem against great odds, with a minimum of supplies and the hastiest improvised organization. Helped only by an inadequate Turkish guard, they embarked 40,000 refugees into seventeen ships, between the hours of sunrise and 10 p.m. With their tact they gained the confidence of Turk and Greek alike. It is hard to imagine what would have happened to the refugees but for American aid. But it was impossible to procure food or organize the water supply.

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Women and children and old men were exhausted, hungry and parched, and some of them were dying of thirst. The ships were so overcrowded that there was not room even to circulate on the decks. These people started off on their sea voyage facing a night of cold winds, after the days of burning and heat, and there were no coverings for them. We who helped to embark them, knew from report that they would be landed on Greek soil where no shelters and no food awaited them. Hunger is not as insufferable as thirst, and this was the worst complication. Children were wilting like flowers. Sometimes their throats were so parched and their lips and tongues so blistered they could not swallow when they got it. Not that water was scarce, but there was no way of organizing the supply. If one gave a glass of water to one who terribly needed it, a hundred beseeching hands, young and old, would be outstretched. To such a crowd a bucketful was a mere drop, and the bucket would as often as not be spilt by those who frantically snatched at it before it could reach anyone. One felt utterly impotent to help. The suffering was so much too great to cope with. One tried one's best to calm the crowd, and they would come to us weeping, and clutch our arms and kiss our hands; women would cling round the officers' knees, weeping and offering money to buy a ticket, and beseeching to be allowed on board. In vain one assured them they did not need a ticket, and that the ship alongside the quay was not the only ship. "Eleven more ships to come in to-day," one would tell them, but they seemed mad with fear and would not understand. They would behave as

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though the one ship was the only one. They had the mentality of sheep and moved in great panic-stricken herds. A few of the Turks would shrug their shoulders with pity at the sight of them. One Turk told me "it made his heart ache" ! The refugees were the type that England would describe as "undesirable Aliens" and the Turkish soldiers were callous of human life as men are callous who have had fourteen years of war. But although they did murderous things one moment, they would be tender the next. A Turk would stone a man to death in the water, and then throw himself upon a fallen child and protect it with his body from being trampled at the gate. The Turks were no worse than any other, and not so bad as they might have been. They had crossed a country laid waste by the Greeks, in which the Turkish villages had been burnt, and the Turkish women and children killed. The stories each told of the other made it difficult to take any part. But I saw the Turkish soldiers exercise restraint and sometimes pity, and when a Turkish officer caught a soldier robbing the refugees, he would beat that soldier over the head and shoulders in the sight of all the mob, until his cane broke, and then use another. The last sight I had of the embarkation pier was from a steam-launch crossing the bay. It was a moment when the refugees were held up by the closed gates. In the middle of the deserted pier, and facing the waiting throngs, an old man sat in a chair with his hands leaning upon his stick between his knees, like an old grandfather. He was dead, and the cloth that had been thrown over his head fluttered gaily in the wind silhouetting his features. It

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was comic and it was¹ tragic. A few minutes later he was pitched over into the water.

When I got back to my destroyer the Commander informed me that if I wished to leave Smyrna a destroyer was leaving at 10 p.m. for Piræus, and I could have a passage on board.

I went to Piræus, and I shall never be able to tell my gratitude and my appreciation of the help and hospitality that I received from these Navy officials. I placed them in a difficult position, and they responded with the utmost courtesy. Moreover, those days will live in my memory, when the most formidable realities of life linked one into a comradeship of help and sympathy. The horror of the pain and suffering I witnessed roused in me a flame of passion against the callous game of irresponsible statesmanship. I saw in these refugees not the victims of the Turks, but of the Allied political situation. I had visions of Mr. Lloyd George leaning over a map on a big table in a comfortable Conference Chamber, and pencil in hand deciding that Smyrna should be handed over to the Greeks.

The Smyrna *débâcle* is not the only one in store. Europe is full of suppurating sores all ready to burst, each one caused by heedless post-war politics.

To men there is a certain satisfaction in fighting, and death is sometimes easier than life. But the fate of the women and the children involved is tragic beyond the conception of statesmen.

CHAPTER 14

Athens, September, 1922

IT was a novel experience landing from a destroyer and thereby avoiding the naval landing formalities of customs and passports, etc. One merely came alongside the quay in a launch, with one's luggage, amid an interesting crowd, and one called a taxi-cab. Would that all entries into foreign countries were as simple !

But Athens was parched and dusty. The dust blew like smoke. It made one's hair stand stiffly on end, and stifled one's voice. The glare of the sun was pitiless. There were hardly any trees, and as far as the eye could see, the plains and the mountains were arid, burnt and without vegetation. There were an overwhelming quantity of soldiers everywhere. One would imagine the entire army had come back to Athens. Dirty, be-draggled, ill-shod privates, and smart bemedalled officers. One would never have suspected them of being on active service. They sat in masses on the wide sidewalk in front of the cafés, with seemingly nothing to do but watch the passers-by. The Greek psychology at that moment was very peculiar. Flags were flying from their windows in spite of their defeat ! This, I was told, was to celebrate their Revolution. They did not admit themselves defeated by the Turk, they said they had been betrayed by their Ministers. They blamed the disorganization of their war department, whose

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officials appropriated money, and left the soldiers at the front without food or clothes or munitions or pay.

I talked with one of the leaders of the Revolution, a dashing-looking Colonel with an eyeglass, who was a Republican candidate at the forthcoming elections. He deplored the bloodless Revolution, declaring that no Revolution was worth anything unless blood flowed. "Then why didn't you make it flow?" I asked. He explained: "Because the Allied Ambassadors got together and demanded the safety of the King and his Ministers. Our Revolutionary leaders, who are militarists, not politicians, understood that the foreign representatives were acting on the advice of their Governments, and dared not oppose them. Afterwards we learnt this was not the case at all, and that the Allied Governments had issued no instructions whatever, but, you understand, it was too late then to go back and murder these people in cold blood. The psychological moment had passed. Meanwhile, how is one to satisfy the big powers? France is already criticizing us in her papers, saying that our Revolution is a sham, and that we only bring back Venizelos because it suits our political purpose at the moment, and that to-morrow it may suit us to bring back Tino! On the other hand, if we had a bloody Revolution and killed our Royal family, all the world would say we were savages and refuse to recognize us. It seems impossible to please anyone."

I asked for an interview with the new King, not for political reasons, but explaining that I had seen the Smyrna refugees, and that if Greece wanted help from

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the ever-generous America, he better than anyone else could help to rouse public sympathy. In reply he sent me his A.D.C., a polite and amiable little man, typically a courtier. He explained smilingly that he brought the King's apologies, who regretted he could see no journalists owing to the fact that some American newspaper men had so cruelly ridiculed his father ! I confess I think the King was quite right, and as kings are hereditary and brains are not, it certainly is a risk for them to be interviewed and still retain the glamour of kingly efficiency. However, the indignation that the King's decision roused among the newspaper men of Athens was quite entertaining. Perfectly good American royalists turned Republican under one's very eye ! I, myself, went straight off to see the Republican leader, a man whom the bloodless Revolution had released from prison. I learnt from him of a considerable Republican movement, but any mention of it was censored in the newspapers, and so the public are unaware of its importance. All the Greeks who go to the United States return with Republican ideas.

The political position was this : The revolutionary party consisted of two parties, the left, which was democratic and anti-royal, and the right, which was liberal and consented to tolerate a constitutional monarch. At the forthcoming elections the democratic party, I was assured, would consolidate with the liberals and the socialists. If Venizelos said that a republic would be more to the advantage of Greece, republic there would be. But so long as Venizelos was satisfied with the

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kingly figurehead, it would remain. Meanwhile there was not much love lost on the part of the new King for Venizelos.

The peasants, among whom there began to be a certain Bolshevik movement, were now convinced that under Venizelos everything went very well, and prospered, whereas under Constantine everything went very ill with Greece. I heard much discussion of the new military reorganization for the defence of Thrace. I asked what would be the result if the Allies decided that Thrace was to be handed over to the Turks. There was no answer. These bellicose revolutionaries looked at one another in perplexity and shrugged their shoulders. They desperately wanted to preserve Thrace, and could not believe that the Allies would do such a thing, especially as in order to please them Greece had got rid of King Constantine.

Some ambitious spirits assured me in all seriousness that Constantinople belonged to Greece by tradition, and should belong to Greece again. "If the Turks are in possession of Thrace there is nothing to prevent them from coming to Athens," was another statement that was hurled at me. I suggested that perhaps Athens belonged to the Turks by tradition, and should belong to them again! It seems to me they only left it a century ago, whereas the Greeks left Constantinople as long ago as 1456. But the great security for the Greeks at Athens is the Acropolis. It was Hamid Bey, in Constantinople, who said to me: "That Acropolis cost the Turks a great deal. Public opinion always went to the Greeks on account of the Acropolis. The world

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imagined that the Greeks of to-day were the descendants of Pericles ! Whereas in reality they are not even of the same race." The Greeks of to-day are indeed a motley cross-bred people, a mixture of Slav and of Turk, a people who for centuries have been slaves and who have all the Oriental faults with none of the Oriental qualities. In appearance they are almost indiscernible from the Turkish type. They finger beads Turkish fashion while they talk, instinctively hide their women, and but for the fez, there is no distinction. They would seem to be a species of Christian Turk but with the psychology of a conquered rather than of a ruling race. Nor is there any suggestion of the spirit of culture and creative art having survived in their midst. In Greece to-day there is no literature, no music, no theatre, and no art. There is something worse than an absence, something which can only be described as a modern desecration.

But in order to get away from the ugliness of modern Athens I endeavoured to re-live for a few hours in Athens of the past : A bribe to the keeper of the gate, and the Acropolis admitted me into its sacred stillness. There was a three-quarter moon that played hide-and-seek among the clouds. The effect was of a searchlight playing upon the fluted columns of the Parthenon. They were brilliantly outlined and the next moment lost again in shadowy gloom.

A big silk shawl obliterated all sign of my modern clothes, but the reverberation of my high heels was offensive. So I left my shoes at the entrance of the

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Temple as though I were entering a mosque, and in stockinged feet wandered silently over the marble pavement, among the shadows of the giant columns. One had a sensation of being high up above the problems and the sufferings of the world. One was very near the gods, and imbued with the same sense of detachment and aloofness which characterizes their attitude towards us struggling mortals down below.

The great calm and beauty overwhelmed me with sadness. The Parthenon proclaimed the futility of human endeavour, which in the end is merely ruins. The ultimate end of all effort, of all beauty, of all ambition, just ruins.

I seemed to have been there before. What impressed me was not the beauty of the Acropolis, but the change that had taken place. The poor old Parthenon seemed denuded of all its glory, although retaining its dignity of the old days. Everywhere the statues were gone—and the ground round about was a mass of marble fragments. “And all my friends are dead.” I find myself saying, “All my friends are dead, and everything is ruins.” Involuntarily, I felt I was revisiting a once familiar scene. And how little we have progressed since those days, when we walked with sure and graceful balance in sandalled shoes, and our forms were outlined beneath our wind-blown draperies and voices were less shrill, and there was calm and peace and culture in our lives.

Ah, Greece that was—and Greece that is! But I feel I knew you in your zenith when it was a pride

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to be a Greek. But Greece is dead as all Nations die who have arrived at the height of self-expression.

Everything crumbles—into ruins.

CHAPTER 15

Mudania, October, 1922

ON October 3, 1922, I left Athens on the Italian Triestino ship for Constantinople. We were delayed in starting and arrived at the Straits the next evening after sunset. A British warship barred our passage, we were not allowed to pass until morning.

I got up at 5.30 to see the dawn over the Dardanelles, and the sunrise from behind the hills. A British cruiser accompanied us up to Chanak, where we stopped for a few hours. Chanak seemed very busy with war-preparations. Both sides of the Straits were being fortified, guns were being transported. A Greek passenger at my elbow who took me for an American, said : " All that display means nothing. England's great power is over. She has been unable to help Greece. She has given us a moral support which was worse than useless, it was misleading—to-day she has to accept all that the Turks demand, Smyrna, Thrace, and Constantinople—she has to give in, it is a great blow to her prestige."

" Don't you believe it," I said. " The British power hasn't dwindled at all, British politics have got muddled, that's all the trouble."

He said : " We prefer the French, who are frankly against us, at least we know where we stand with them."

After Chanak we passed the famous Gallipoli. Another passenger told me he had been working there for the Australian Government, who were constructing

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cemeteries and still trying to identify bodies. They will pay ten pounds sterling to the Turks for a corpse or a skeleton. 12,000 have been identified out of 25,000. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are being spent on architecture, memorials, tree-planting and designing of the cemeteries. So much for the dead—I say to myself—and for their widows and orphans who are left, a pension that is not a living wage.

Friday morning at dawn we arrived, and Stamboul was bathed in golden early morning sunlight. I felt a certain joy of homecoming.

On arrival at the Péra Palace Hotel I found all the newspaper men in a state of fluttering excitement. There was a conference at Mudania, a little coast village in Anatolia, a few hours away across the Marmora. The conference was a peace discussion, an armistice between the Greeks and Turks, at which the Allies, but especially the British, were presiding. Consternation and indignation was caused by the British official declaration that no journalists should be present. Obviously it was only a matter of getting clear of Constantinople, the British had no authority at Mudania. Great discussions took place between the journalists as to how to get there. There were rumours first of an American destroyer, but this was cancelled. I listened to the English group discussing whether or not they could afford to take a tug-boat, and whether it would be worth while. I left them to their hesitation, and joined a group of four Americans. At least one of them was American, the other was Australian, one was a Hungarian and one a Turk, but we were all working for

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American newspapers. The chief spirit among us was John Clayton of the *Chicago Tribune*, a good-looking boy terribly conscientious about his work and always ready for an adventure. I never could make out if he loved the adventure or did it for work's sake ! We all joined together, and whilst he was organizing the tug-boat, the food, the price, and the departure, I went to the British passport office. My passport had been taken from me on my arrival from Athens in the morning, and I had been told to call for it later. Seeing that I was rather impatient, they asked me what I was in such a hurry about.

I said I was starting for Mudania. Several officials looked at me, and then said : " You can't, it's forbidden—no one is allowed to go—especially no journalists." I said stupidly, " Oh-h." Then a young fellow with an idiotic grin came and joined the others : " Do you want to go to Mudania ? "

" Yes," I said.

He beamed radiantly at me and answered, " I'm afraid you can't—— ! " as if it were a good joke ! Seeing that my hand was still outstretched for my passport, one of them volunteered : " If you like I will ring up General Headquarters and see if I can get permission for you. . . . "

" Oh, please don't trouble," I said, and took the passport and left quite unperturbed. Down at the landing-stage I found the party assembled and a few minutes later, with our small suit-cases and our store of bread and sausage rolls, we started. Before we had got out of the Golden Horn, however, we were pursued and

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overtaken by a British patrol-boat, and there was an anxious moment while he examined our ship's papers ! They were in order, however, and mercifully we were allowed to go on our way. The six-hour trip across the Marmora was like a dream. The sunset behind Europe coloured the sea like shot silk. A bright moon rose up over Asia and illumined the way like day.

Our Turkish crew (we had stipulated before we took the boat that we must have an all Turkish crew) had laid their Oriental carpets on the little raised platform at the stern. One by one the tired men curled up and went to sleep. I sat up for awhile longer. It was such a beautiful night, I felt the necessity of drinking in the calm that was conveyed to one by the great expanse of rippling sea as far as the eye could stretch. Our little tug-boat was so very low in the water, had there been any storm at all the engines would have been swamped immediately. But it was God's own night, and after awhile I, too, fell asleep like the others, with my face upturned to the stars, and the sound of the water against the ship's side, which is one of the sweetest sounds I know !

In the small hours the cold waked us, and we beheld the lights of warships and of the little town whose very existence was unknown to the world a week before and which suddenly had been called upon to hold the fate of world peace.

We tied up alongside the pier, and the Turkish sentries came and talked to us, and smoked our cigarettes. They sat cross-legged just above us on the pier's edge, and with their high fur caps, and their rifles slung

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across their shoulders, they made a picturesque silhouette against the night sky. They were sorry it was too late to let us land, but they were very friendly. Some of them had not been back to their homes for five years. But they were in good spirits, they said that everything was so different now. They had their victory, they had ammunition, "and we have a new spirit," they told us.

They hoped this conference would bring peace, but if it did not, well, they were prepared to go on—— When it came to deciding how to spend the rest of the night, one had to choose between sleeping on the hard deck, where one shivered, and was devoured by mosquitoes, or else the cabin, in which one was devoured by fleas ! I started by sleeping in the cabin, but it drove me out, and I spent most of the night on the deck with a leather suit-case for a pillow. I waked up at intervals, partly because I ached so from the hardness of the deck, partly owing to the intense brightness of the moon, and also because Turkish soldiers would come on board from the pier, and wander round in curiosity, talking volubly !

At seven-thirty in the morning the French, British and Italian representatives landed at our pier and as we had slept in our clothes we were ready to follow them through the little cobble-stoned village of bungalow houses draped with Turkish flags and laurels to the Town Hall where the conference was being held. Every one looked very surprised to see our little party arrive, especially as I was the only woman. We went out on to a verandah overhanging the sea where the Turks, Allied officers and journalists were discussing the situ-

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ation in groups or hurriedly writing telegraphic messages which it was almost impossible to dispatch.

There were no Greeks anywhere, not even at the conference. They were living on board a disreputable-looking old liner which flew no flag and was half hidden and wholly protected behind the British flagship. The Turks would not let them land.

The French and Turks seemed to be running the show, for the British control did not extend here. Upstairs in a sunny room with its three sides of windows overlooking the bay, M. Franklin-Bouillon had his workroom. He had chosen not to participate in the disputes of the conference and so the conference circled round his room.

He was tired and worn out by the responsibility of the last few days. For twenty-four hours the situation had hung by a thread. But for the fact that Lord Curzon was known to have arrived in Paris and to be conferring with Poincaré, the Turks would never have consented to the delay. At the quickest it took nearly three days for a wireless message and reply to reach Mudania from Paris.

The conference was called together too hastily, before the Governments had time to exchange opinions and to agree upon matters of policy. The delays, therefore, were inevitable, but the resources of Mudania could not bear a prolonged strain ; it was too small a place for such big business.

Meanwhile the Turkish Government was giving an example of great moderation and patience unusual in a victor.

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Almost immediately on my arrival I was taken up to Franklin-Bouillon's room and introduced to him. The idea, of course, was an interview, but Franklin-Bouillon began to laugh as soon as he saw me, and asked if I was the author of the Rudyard Kipling interview. I admitted I was. He said : " You put on an innocent face, and play with bombs like a child who does not know that they can explode ! " After a little further talk, in which, as he admitted, he was interviewing me, instead of me interviewing him, he said I looked tired, and asked : " Madame, where do you expect to sleep to-night—— ? " That certainly was a Mudania problem ! Where could anyone sleep in that primitive village. I shrugged my shoulders, I said I had not thought as far ahead. He promised to see that I was taken care of and asked me to lunch on board the *Edgar Quinet*.

My gratitude is due to the French Admiral, Dumesnil, who took pity on my homelessness and extended the hospitality of his flagship. Once more some one gave up his cabin to me, and for five days I was a guest of people on whom I had no sort of claim. The first evening on the moonlit deck of the cruiser, M. Franklin-Bouillon talked to me eloquently of the spirit and achievements of these Turkish people so long considered mere pawns on the chessboard of European policy.

" Alone they have defended themselves, out of nothing they have built something. They have created arms and spirit, and possibilities. They have an animated nationalistic soul which is undefeatable. Can one doubt but that they are people with a future ? But who

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understands them? How many people have ever been to Angora? The pity is that people remember only the old Turkey of Abdul Hamid and the massacres for which every man has hatred and contempt. I myself have fought for the Armenian cause when they were persecuted, and fought the old Turkish regime with all my power. But people ignore the new Turkey born out of the war. The Turks themselves admit their faults in the past. Every man in Angora will tell you, from Mustapha Kemal down to the merest cobbler, that Turkey made the fault, even committed the crime of taking sides with Germany. But it was not the people who did this, it was the clique around the Sultan in the pay of Germany. But the mistakes of Allied diplomacy did more than anything to draw Turkey in on the wrong side. But if Turkey made a huge blunder, she has paid for it. She has lost two million men in the war and has renounced all non-Turkish provinces from Arabia to Mesopotamia and Syria. Now she has concentrated in the homelands. The Turks ask nothing save that the lands in which they represent an enormous majority be left to them by the European powers. This is their whole policy. In fact, they mean to stand and die by the very principles that Europe, and more particularly America, proclaimed sacred—the people's right to self-determination. There isn't in the whole of the Turkish claims a single article that can be attacked from that standpoint. This is a new Turkey which managed to save the country from ruin and partition. France has no desire to break with England. France is still a most loyal ally and wants only to prevent England's

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adopting a disastrous course. Also France wants to protect the Turkish people whose cause is just."

In reply to my question, "Why does France seek to help Turkey?" he said: "Out of love of justice. France has no other motive. France asks nothing, expects nothing, desires nothing. She has the same economic interest in the country as England and Italy, but nothing more," and he laughed because of my expression of scepticism at the idea of any national or individual disinterestedness.

Franklin-Bouillon looks like a large edition of H. G. Wells, with more forcefulness. He is half English and spoke that language before French. He is a man with a passion for music and beauty and would rather have been a composer than a politician, but he said that he regarded the politics he was doing as a kind of harmony.

He added, "I love to be able to direct, but have a horror of power."

Franklin-Bouillon has given up years (which should have been devoted exclusively to French political life) for the cause of Eastern peoples because they appeal to him. Fifteen days previously the war stopped on account of a simple telegram from him to Mustapha Kemal, which begged the latter for the sake of their old friendship and the memory of fateful days past "to cease all military movements and reply to no diplomatic note, at least until you have seen me. (Signed), your friend, Franklin-Bouillon."

A reply came back in about these words:

"I wait for your arrival. Come at once. Your friend, Kemal."

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These cables were submitted to the Paris Conference by Lord Curzon on September 23, and after that it was agreed that Franklin-Bouillon should leave for the East.

Since then, on a friend's recommendation, the war has been held in suspension. So simply are things arranged when no diplomatic ceremonies prevail and two people trust one another.

When Ismet Pasha, Generalissimo of the Kemalist armies, was asked by a group of international journalists to make clear the part that Franklin-Bouillon had played in recent events, he said :

" Franklin-Bouillon has done what the whole world could not succeed in doing. He stopped for a fortnight our armies ! "

The world to-day contains several great militarists, some theorists and one or two great politicians, but there are not many practical peacemakers.

I had other friends at Mudania besides the French and the Turks, but I never was able to see them. One was Admiral Sir Osmond de Beauvoir Brock. I had known him ever since the days when he had been Flag Captain to Lord Charles Beresford, long ago when my brother was a midshipman in the same ship. Admiral Dumesnil sent him a signal saying that I would like to see him. The French Admiral, when he handed me the reply, apologized in gallant French manner for being the bearer of such a crude message to a lady : " Admiral Brock regrets that he is too busy to see Mrs. Sheridan." I confess I was rather hurt by this attitude of my own compatriot, but my French friends seemed rather well content that I should remain exclusively in the Franco-

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Turkish atmosphere. When I suggested that I should like to visit my Athens friend, the Revolutionary Colonel on board the Greek ship, Admiral Dumesnil was firm and unhesitating in his refusal : " I was willing to send you alongside the British flagship, but I am certainly not going to send you in any boat of mine to the Greek ship ! " And so I never saw the Greek revolutionary Colonel again ! I think regretfully of the amount of copy I might have gleaned from each.

The next day, Admiral Brock came on board the French flagship to confer with Admiral Dumesnil. Franklin-Bouillon and I were leaning over the ship's side when the barge passed by. It was a marvel of efficiency. Two seamen stood up in the bows, arms crossed, and at a given moment they picked up their boat-hooks and stood to attention ready to come alongside the landing steps. It was so simple, but done with such a unity of movement, like a good stage rehearsal ! I said to Franklin : " You must admit the British Navy does things pretty well ! Just look at that turn-out ? " Franklin agreed : " It certainly is chic ! " he said. " But bon Dieu ! what it costs them ! No Republic can afford such a luxurious equipment."

On October 7, as there was no conference (we were waiting for the replies from Paris), Admiral Dumesnil ordered the launch and with Franklin-Bouillon, Colonel Sarou and Hamid Bey we started off along the coast. At a deserted Greek village we landed. Such a lovely village on the hill-side. There were terraces of olive groves, and gardens full of fruit trees. The pomegranates, quinces and apples were falling and rotting

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on the ground. Some Turkish peasants followed us around and we asked them why they did not gather the fruit, and they replied quite simply : " It is not ours to pick, it belongs to one absent."

These homes were all empty, the front doors open to the street, nothing had been destroyed, looted or occupied. The village was perfectly intact, but it was a dead village. The Greeks, who belonged here for generations, had fled. They were the victims of their own people, of the Greek army that had devastated the interior, who had burnt and destroyed everything. It was the retreating Greek army that had advised the Greek villagers to leave, the army knew more than the inhabitants. The Greek army knew it had done things deserving of retaliation.

But what a tragedy these empty homes. People must have been so happy here, it was so beautiful even I, a stranger, could have been happy to remain. I pictured to myself the children who had laughed and played in the fruit gardens of that sunny hill-side, being subjected to the terrors of evacuation such as I witnessed at Smyrna. And as to those who survived, God knows what conditions awaited them at their destination.

All the smouldering sparks of my Bolshevism were fanned into flames. Governments, statesmen, generals and diplomats, at their repeated conferences, have played with frontiers and with towns, with human souls and lives and with the spirit of each Nationalism as though they were playing a game of chess.

October 8 was a day of great tension. I find an entry in my diary which is illustrative of a Mudania day : " I do not yet know if I am assisting at peace-making or at

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war-making. Things drag on, and one lives an eternity every hour. I can hardly remember how this morning began, it seems so long ago. All day the news has fluctuated from good to bad, and the atmosphere has varied like an April wind. Early morning every one was smiling and confident. At midday the news clouded, at luncheon there was such tensity, Franklin was an altered man. Instead of being light-hearted and jovial, he was affecting to be so. I know him well enough, and I saw at once that he was trying to suppress emotion. On his other side, General Charpy, who is always genial and smiling, was still the same, only his eyes were swimming all the while he smiled. The Admiral was calm and phlegmatic as usual, the officers rather silent. All afternoon we waited for news. How one waits——

I keep thinking stupidly that telegrams are delivered by telegraph boys, or men in little boats who bring them from the post-office ! It is too silly, I scan the water and watch the gangway, quite forgetting they arrive at the mast-head through the air.

When some one says to me : “ News has just come —— ” I say, “ But I didn’t see it come —— ? ” Will news of war come like that, through the air ? I thought wars were always shouted by newspaper boys, or thrown on to a cinema screen ! And that people shouted and cried and rushed about ! How does war break, I wonder, in the place where the war is made ? or if it is peace, will it be announced with great solemnity, or will neither happen, and we will just go on being worked into frenzies of emotion !

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At five o'clock we all went to the conference building. There was not much happening. Hamid Bey came and fetched me and took me into the Conference Chamber. It was Franklin-Bouillon who had sent for me to present me to Ismet Pasha. The Maréchal is the first under Mustapha Kemal's command. Ismet is short and very deaf, he has an expression which is dreamy and gentle, and he has the dignity of the Oriental. But his smile is the detached vague smile of a deaf man who is not quite sure of the trend of conversation. News I learnt was better and Franklin, who had decided to leave in his cruiser for France this evening, said that he would delay, and wait for the next conference, which is to be at midnight.

We returned to the *Edgar Quinet*. After dinner the news came back and forth undecidedly. Telegrams arrived that told nothing but implied much. Franklin decided to leave for France in the small hours after the conference. He is dog-tired, disgusted and dispirited. He has tried so hard for peace and is discouraged. He alone could have done what has been done : suspend hostilities. He alone could calm the bellicose Turk. He alone could have managed to have kept the peace which has lasted these ten days. To-night the fates are still undecided—I wonder if tomorrow it will be peace or war—I wonder—I wonder.

I sat with Franklin-Bouillon on deck of the *Edgar Quinet* while he agitatedly wrote his final eloquent appeal to Mustapha Kemal : " For the sake of world peace, it is your duty to accept the settlement that is offered you,"

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which, he further declared, in no way conflicted with Turkish prestige.

There followed a night of tension and of waiting, a night of all work and no sleep. A golden moon shone down upon the snowy mountain peaks.

Franklin-Bouillon restlessly paced back and forth among the shadows. He called me his "élève." "Listen to me, ma petite élève," he said : "listen to what I say. These people are animated with a nationalistic soul that is undefeatable. But the world in general does not know, does not understand. They ignore that a new Turkey is born out of the war.

"The crisis to-day is entirely created by false politics, and it is well to remember that in spite of the campaign started in English and American papers which speak of the massacres by the Turks, the truth is that on a distance of 250 miles between the lines of Eski-Shehr and Smyrna the Greek Army has destroyed every town and every village. More than 100,000 houses have been burned. One million Turks are roving homeless and nearly naked on the roads of Anatolia."

So he talked on and on, passionately, feverishly, as we paced back and forth. Referring to his telegram to Kemal, he said suddenly, "Mon Dieu ! What a responsibility I am taking toward the Angora Government !" But he never wavered in his opinion ; he was sure he was right.

Franklin-Bouillon is very courageous, very convinced, very sure. His French is very eloquent and oratorical. The Turks also seem to be given to fine speeches.

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Between the two of them I often felt I was assisting at theatrical heroics !

The following morning Kemal's dramatically simple answer was handed to Franklin-Bouillon : " Your suggestions have been adopted. I have authorized His Excellency Ismet Pasha to sign the convention immediately." Franklin rushed ashore, and went directly to Ismet Pasha, whose eyes filled with tears at the news, and he said : " That is not what I hoped for my country and what our sacrifice entitled us to." To which Franklin, with his arm around Ismet's shoulder, answered : " Your country is even bigger to-day in giving way to the advice of your friends for the sake of world peace than it was at Afiun-Karahissar, when your army was defeating the enemy that had devastated your land."

Ismet's final comment was characteristic of the man : " It is your day of triumph, and all my disappointment is forgotten in the joy of a friend."

The British said that peace was due to their show of force, and the British Government congratulated the British High Commissioner upon the success of his tact.

Even when the order came to sign, there was a whole night of waiting, during which no one at the Konak closed an eye. All night, until 6 a.m., we waited while inexperienced typewriters made five copies of the document for each and all to sign. In the dark street outside, the Turkish military band, lit by small lanterns, played new Turkish Nationalist songs and the soldiers in accompaniment sang the words. There was a mysterious crowd, half revealed, half hidden by the gloom of the

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feeble lights, and children sat all night on the ground at the feet of the musicians. Every window had its silhouettes.

At intervals one would hear through the open window overhead the machines tapping away at the peace documents. Franklin-Bouillon observed, "That is better than the slightly louder sound of machine-guns that might have been !"

Coffee was served, the hours dragged slowly by and the beards of men grew visibly in the waiting. The night was the calmest we had known ; even the sea reflected peace.

At last, in the blue dawn of day, at six o'clock on October 11, we were all summoned into the Council Chamber to witness the signing of a document which represents for Turkey a new era, almost a new nation. In an uncanny silence the documents were handed round from General Harington to the Italian General Monbelli, to Ismet Pasha, and from him to the French General Charpy.

The Greeks were still not present, and one was reminded of their existence by the announcement of Ismet Pasha that General Mazarakis refused to sign, having, as he declared, no orders to do so from the Government. "But it is understood that the Allies will sign, nevertheless," Ismet added. At that moment there was a strange noise from the Greek ship in the harbour. "A groan from the Greeks," some one observed. It sounded indeed like a final protest from the people whom the conference most concerns and who had at no time taken part in the discussions, who had been disposed of as though they did not exist.

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The tension of the signatures was too much after the vigil of the night, and so when some one stepped on a dog, and the newspaper man with his kodak fell off the table, it was very hard not to giggle idiotically as if something very funny had happened.

Finally General Harington, who showed signs of wear and tear, nervously made a charming speech, saying they had met as strangers but parted as friends. Ismet, being very deaf, appeared to hear nothing at all, and the compliments seemed to be wasted on him until the translator gave them to him in French. In reply, and with perfect self-possession and a face that betrayed no inner feelings, Ismet said that the anxious days of Mudania would be among his happiest memories. Knowing a little of happenings behind the scenes, I could not withhold a grimace of cynicism.

Then Franklin-Bouillon with his dramatic sense pointed through the window to the warships in the bay and whispered to me : " It is the last time these guns will dominate the fate of the Orient ! "

And so we all went back to our ships for breakfast with that satisfied feeling that all's well that ends well. And every ship weighed anchor and rushed for port. While the exhausted generals and statesmen slept I wrote my telegrams to my paper.

Our return to Constantinople had the sensation of a triumph. Here were the innumerable British troopships that had brought reinforcements up to the last minute. There was the Red Cross hospital ship, brilliantly painted red and white, ready for emergency, and all the Allied warships bristling with guns But we were

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messengers of peace, although the scales had so nearly balanced on the other side. As the *Edgar Quinet* passed the British on her way to her moorings, the British saluted by playing the Marseillaise, and the French replied with God save the King, and each dipped its flag in honour to the other.

Impressive civilities toward friends and allies. But I grow sceptical of friendships—to-morrow who knows who may be our friends? Nations are even more capricious than individuals.

CHAPTER 16

Constantinople, October, 1922

NOT long after the Conference of Mudania, Refet Pasha, the Nationalist High Commissioner for Thrace, arrived in the town. The demonstration by the Turkish population was unimaginable. Not that Refet Pasha himself represented anything ; he is not particularly important or brilliant ; his reputation is based almost more on his elegance than on his accomplishments. But at the moment when he stepped on to the landing-stage, he represented Turkey returning to Constantinople. He was the first Kemalist General to arrive.

I saw this fur-crowned, elegant Pasha on the balcony of the Red Crescent headquarters at Stamboul. I heard him make a speech to the crowd below, and the crowd went nearly mad. When he had finished, and the cheering had abated, some speeches spontaneously came from the crowd.

Refet listened, with a face like a mask. He listened coldly, true to Angora type. Kemal's Generals are cold and calm, like Kemal. Kemal's Generals are modest and impersonal, like Kemal. Refet Pasha knew this ovation was not for him but for the cause he represented.

The orator in the crowd spoke with a voice vibrant with passionate emotion. Never did the most fanatical revolutionary speak in a more inspired way. I did not understand a word, but I knew it was beautiful. I, too,

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could have cheered, for the sound of his voice inspired me, although I have less nationalistic sentiment than anyone in the world. Spontaneous emotion from a crowd is irresistible ; one is carried away by the fervour of it.

What a day. The sun burning down upon the waiting throngs.

The steps of the mosques were crowded with unveiled women. This is emblematic of Nationalistic future. Processions of little girls sang Nationalist songs.

Every twenty yards along the way panting calves with gilded horns and hoofs were ready for sacrifice. Refet Pasha landed on a stage streaming with the blood of lambs. This was a form of benediction in his honour. What crude, frank paganism ! One felt like clashing cymbals and dancing with vine leaves in one's hair !

That part of Constantinople known as Péra, where the foreigners live, is to such an extent International and cosmopolitan that almost nothing that anyone could do would seem to be able to hurt any Nationalist feelings. Péra, the headquarters of inter-Allied control, and of the Greek, Armenian, Turkish, Russian and Levantine populations, has long ago lost all sense of individuality or of nationalism. When the Greeks had victories, the main street of Péra turned blue ; when the Kemalists had victories, it turned red.

Péra will turn any colour that is for the moment fashionable. When Kemal's victories created a rumour of Kemal's possible entry into the town, the white Russian

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counter-revolutionary paper came to the Soviet office and offered to change its colour to red for the sum of 500 livres. Zolotareff replied that he could buy cheaper Bolsheviki in Russia.

On October 23, before I was dressed, a telephone message bade me come immediately to Refet Pasha's house at Stamboul, if I wanted an interview. It was exactly what I did want, and I dressed as quickly as I could and sprang into a motor and went all speed to Stamboul. But on the deserted road, near his house, appeared an open car full of Turkish officers. My car-driver pulled up to one side and said to me in an awe-struck whisper : " Here is the Pasha." The car with the officers slowed up, we looked at each other hesitatingly and then Refet Pasha, whom I recognized, stopped and got out. I also alighted, and we exchanged mutual regrets, I at being too late, and he at being obliged to keep an appointment with Allied Generals at Herbier. The Pasha, whose manners and whose elegance almost suggests a courtier of the days of Versailles, gave me rendezvous for half-past twelve at the Cercle d'Orient, which is the Turkish club at Stamboul. Accordingly I went there. Outside the club there was the usual crowd of men and women patiently waiting for a glimpse of him as if he were a King. The President of the Club informed me that I was the first woman who had ever been inside the club ! I was given Turkish coffee and cigarettes, and for an hour I waited. An official luncheon party given in the Pasha's honour across the bay were also waiting, and they rang up at intervals for information as to his movements.

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In spite of his lateness, however, Refet Pasha did not fail to come back to the club to keep his appointment with me. He talked fluent French. I asked him indiscreetly when the Nationalists would come to Constantinople? He replied : " But we are here—— ! We are here in the hearts of the people." And he began to tell me of his appreciation and emotion over his reception. Could anything, he asked, have been more spontaneous, more heartfelt, than what had happened ? And not an incident to mar the day : " I am so proud of our people."

I told him I contemplated going on to Russia ; he picked up the thread quickly : " Personally," he said, " I am Bolshevik, but Bolshevism is not for our country, it cannot take root here. I would have liked to see it break out in a country where it could succeed." He went on to tell me, that in his opinion neither Russia nor Turkey could work out successfully the experiment of Bolshevism. How could a country that has no communications feed its people with bread ? He told me that he loved Bolshevism and loved Christ : " Excusez moi," he said, " but you understand what I mean ? I probably know more about the teachings of Christ than even you do, who are Christian." And he proceeded to tell me that he had lived for years in Palestine, " Christ's country," as he called it, " where Christ was so full of love for all mankind, and where He first preached love," and then Refet said what many Turks and many Jews have said to me : " I love Jesus Christ, no—not Christianity, that is quite a different thing." And then, reverting to Bolshevism, he reiterated : " It cannot

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succeed among our people, but that is no reason why the Russians should not be our friends, our brothers. Indeed, our treatment by Western Europe necessitates that Eastern Europe hold hands firmly. That is why our enemies are the enemies of Russia, and Russia's enemies are our enemies." In the days of ~~the~~ Czar it was different, he said ; then Russia only wanted to attack us. The Turks, he insisted, are too democratic to be friends with an Imperialist power : " We are more democratic even than the United States. We are too democratic to be a republic. You see what the Sultan did with his power : ' Il nous a trahi ' never again will anyone have the power to betray us, power in the future will belong to the Grand National Assembly. Even a president has too much individual power——"

At intervals the Pasha kept asking : " Am I clear ? am I clear ? " Finally I asked him again : " When will the Nationalists come back to Constantinople ? Will you have to wait until the end of the Peace Conference (the conference which subsequently took place at Lausanne) ? " With the evasive smile of a perfect diplomat he answered that one never knew—in these days, when things happened so unexpectedly : " We might be back in Constantinople before the Conference ! " (they did put half a foot in, amid shrill Allied protests, and some slight disorder !)

Presently the door opened, and the President of the Club ceremoniously reminded " son excellence " that he was expected at luncheon. He, nevertheless, talked a little while longer. The evacuation of Thrace

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was at that moment uppermost in everybody's mind, and the Pasha reiterated to me what the Turkish Nationalists have already published, namely, that Angora guarantees the protection of the minorities. "But," I said, "the Allies are helping them and urging them to leave. . . ." The Pasha shrugged his shoulders . . . they need not go, he repeated, they were perfectly safe (this decision was revoked at the conference of Lausanne). Finally, when we got up to leave, still talking feverishly, a crowd of impatient but silent officers were in the corridor waiting. With the same princely manner, he insisted on accompanying me downstairs to the door, and the crowd in the street thought I was really a person of consequence. When I got back to my hotel, the driver of my car, who had been much impressed, demanded an exaggerated sum. I argued with him, pointing out that he must be reasonable if only because I was such a good Nationalist. Whereupon he informed me, apologetically, that although he wore the fez, he was not a Turk but a Greek ! That settled it. I refused him what he asked, and gave him his bare deserts !

Owing to these days of crisis in Turkish history, the Turks were living very quiet and retired lives. It was almost impossible to meet them socially, and foreigners were not being admitted into their homes. I had a great curiosity to meet and talk to some Turkish women, but I only succeeded in doing so once. She was the wife of a Pasha and the daughter of a Vice-Sultan, and she lived in a charming old-fashioned house in Stamboul. Her beauty was of an Eastern type, she had a long neck

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and small head, and an aquiline nose that recalled the profile portraits of—the Sultan “Conqueror.”

Had she been dressed in gold and radiant colours like the Persian prints she would have suggested the heroine of *A Thousand and One Nights*. But she was dressed simply in black, with a pink scarf, and we talked, not of fantasies but of divorce and women's rights !

At fifteen or sixteen she was married to a man selected by her family, and whom she never had met, but only seen at a distance. The war had “emancipated” her. She was now allowed “to receive a man alone.” I asked her how she ever met men, or got to know them, before the war. She answered, “I did not know any. I knew {my brothers, my cousins, my uncles, and one or two old men who were intimate friends of the family.”

At my look of stupefaction, her expression changed into pride and pity. “No Turkish woman,” she said, “would be left like you, a widow, to make her own way as best she can for herself and her children. Whether a Turkish woman is left orphaned, widowed or divorced, she is legally the charge of her nearest male relative, whether it is a father, father-in-law, brother, uncle or cousin. He has to make provision for her according to his means. You may imagine this creates in the men of our race a sense of responsibility.”

Furthermore, she explained that the rights of divorce are equal for the man and the woman, and that it is sufficient for either one or the other to declare before two witnesses that they desire to be divorced for it to be

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legal, on condition that this cause has been inserted in the marriage contract. Also, the woman's possessions are absolutely her own ; her husband has no rights over his wife's fortune.

" And we don't live in harems ! " she added with a mischievous laugh. " I am my husband's only wife, and I do not know anyone who has more than one wife. Since a long time it is no longer the custom to have several wives—in these days nobody can afford to ! "

I had already heard on all sides that no one except the Sultan had more than one wife, and he only recently took a young one because his first wife had grown old. But nobody ever saw the new one ; she did not count officially.

" And do Turkish women take any active interest in politics ? " I asked. " To-day," she answered, " the Nationalist cause is in every woman's heart," and as she said the words I noticed in her eye a sudden light. Eyes that are bred of generations, that have looked out upon the world through trellised windows, or through thick, black veils upon the crowded, sunny street, to-day looked forth upon a new world in a new way.

It is the Nationalist victories that have opened up the wide horizon. It is the new Turkey that has unveiled their eyes. Compared to the past, the woman of Turkey to-day is emancipated. Compared to the woman of to-day in Europe and the United States, the Turkish woman has still a long road to travel. But she has some concessions that the European woman is still fighting to attain ; moreover, she has had leisure to read

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much and think. She has something else besides that the emancipated woman lacks : she has retained repose and serenity, in a world where serenity is almost extinct.

On Sunday, October 15, I was bidden to the Summer Palace at Scutari, by Prince Abdul Medjid the Veliat (heir-apparent). He is a man of medium height, with grey hair and deep blue eyes. He looks like a Frenchman of the old school, but wears a fez. He received me in a room panelled with old Persian tiles of beautiful design. The room otherwise had not much charm, the furniture was inlaid and modern ; there was a large mother-of-pearl casket on a table and motley pictures of the mid-Victorian period. The carpets, however, were beautiful, which is the case in most Turkish homes. The Turks, who have not much taste in other ways, are great artists in the designs of their carpets.

For an hour we talked in a random way. The Prince is terrified of journalists, and my visit was not an interview. I had promised the diplomat friend through whose kind intercession the visit had been arranged that I would not ask any indiscreet questions. I dared not therefore question him as to his opinion of the Sultan, his cousin, whose attitude is so unfortunately anti-Nationalist.

The present Sultan retains his throne only by the consent and through the protection of the Allies. Prince Abdul Medjid,¹ if he does become Sultan, will be so only by consent of the Kemalists. The things he said

¹ The present Caliph.

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about Mustapha Kemal displayed a genuine pride in the Nationalist hero. He made comparisons with Lloyd George that were not flattering to the latter, but I felt inclined to smile at any possible comparison between types so opposite as Mustapha Kemal and Lloyd George.

But especially did he insist upon the misfortune of Turkey's having allied herself with Germany during the war. Not because Germany has failed, but because Turkey had nothing to gain if Germany won.

"We should have been a German colony," he said.

The blame for Turkey's mistake he attributed most emphatically to the blunders of Allied diplomacy. During the war Turkey was forced into the arms of Germany ; to-day Turkey is being pushed into the arms of Russia. There is no choice.

All during our conversation I had the impression that the Prince was neither Francophile, nor Russophile, nor anything but simply Turcophile. He dreams of a free, peaceful, prosperous Turkey.

He wants to see art and industry thriving. He wants to see Turkey self-dependent, and all the cosmopolitans (here he laughed and apologized) cleared out.

The Veliat is distinctly a man of peace. He loves leisure to develop these tastes, for during thirty years he was imprisoned by the "Red Sultan" Abdul Hamid. When he told me this I exclaimed at the idea of being thirty years imprisoned, and he explained he was not in a dungeon but in——" "A gilded cage," I suggested—and he smiled assent.

The palace is full of pictures, mostly painted by him-

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self. There is a life-size equestrian portrait of his father, the Sultan Aziz. The horse looks like cotton wool, but the head of the Sultan is well painted and full of life. He has fine sense of colour, no sense of drawing. His portraits are worthless, but there is a sketch of sunrise in a mist over the sea that is beautiful. I did not believe it was his work until he told me so. The water is transparent and liquid with touches of foam. The picture is a poem. He explained that he had meant to interpret the situation of Turkey, which, like the rising sun, has to struggle through the mist in order to get up high into the radiancy of the clear sky.

I tried to draw him out on the subject of feminism and emancipation. Like every other Turk I have spoken to, he claims that the Turkish woman is emancipated to-day, but there was a look of retrospective sadness in his eyes when he added that perhaps men rather regret that emancipation. For the old system was a very agreeable one from the man's point of view !

He seemed to be living simply enough. I believe democracy is his pose. His aide-de-camp, in an immaculate naval uniform, had served during the war on a German ship. The Turkish uniform is exactly like the British, only they have no peaks to their caps. No Turkish soldier or sailor ever has a peaked cap, which would prevent him from bowing his forehead to the ground when he prays.

Whether Abdul Medjid will ever be Sultan it is difficult to know. He is the next in succession, as the throne traditionally devolves on the eldest member of the family. The present Sultan must surely abdicate

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in a very few months. His days, like those of inter-Allied control in Constantinople, are numbered. But in these times of unexpected events no one can foretell.

It was his father, Sultan Aziz, who declared that sovereigns are not dethroned ; they die first. When the news was brought to him that Napoleon III had given up his sword at Sedan and lost his throne, the Sultan refused to believe it.

He angrily dismissed his informant, saying : " It is not true, no sovereign gives up his sword."

When he was dethroned in 1876 he opened the veins of his wrists with a pair of scissors, and his attendants found him in a crimson bath. Of such blood is the Prince Heritier Abdul Medjid.

It was with very deep regret that my Constantinople days ended. I realized in the East that I was happy. Happiness is an unfathomable condition. One is happy not because one is amused, or interested, or because one cares for some one, and it is useless to say that happiness is a condition of mind. I maintain that happiness is a condition of atmosphere. Once I was happy in Mexico, owing to the beauty and the peace, but it was a primitive state of happiness. In Turkey I found all the beauty, if not the peace, and I found an intellectual stimulus, a philosophy and a refinement that I have never found anywhere else, except in Russia. The Russians are more vital, more forceful, and greater artists, they are more passionate and more emotional, but in the Turks I found something different. They have all the ideals that the West has lost, and none of the crudeness or the brutality of the Russian. They have a sensitiveness that

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is unequalled in any other race. At first I came up against that calm reserve, and dignity of soul, which seemed so enigmatical, so difficult to understand or to probe through. They are not readily given, as we are, to telling their thoughts. They do not offer their philosophy except to those who really seek it, but friendship once established, is sacred and enduring. I felt as one who has been through a test, and is proven, and when finally accepted, I learnt much from those Turks whom it is now my privilege to call my friends.

It was a Kurd and a Mahomedan who assured me that serenity was the most important thing in life, and that it depended entirely upon oneself. He said that one could dominate oneself and cultivate the calm and the capacity for happiness that is within one, thereby sparing oneself the burning and exhausting agitation of body and mind. He said that anxieties of life were unavoidable, but that anxiety did not exclude serenity, and that serenity did not exclude enthusiasm, but that serenity, as a result of self-domination, did spare one the abysmal depths of depression from which I, for instance, suffer so agonizingly. He talked of God as sending us punishments and endurances, but humiliation, he said, was a false sentiment that really had no existence, for God never sends humiliation. He talked of our souls as being high up out of reach, and that cannot be attained or touched by anyone. "The most important things are not appearances, but the inner hidden things, the realities and the truths that are in ourselves." This is the man who told me that we should try to live and think our thoughts as though we were made of

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crystal and therefore every one could see our souls !

He had that Oriental fatalism and belief in a Divine plan. He maintained that nothing in life was haphazard and that the motive of Destiny was in every incident that befell us.

When we talked about politics, he talked similarly in a big-visioned way. He dismissed my localizing ideals or movements as "Turkish." He talked of the "Oriental" as some westerners talk of Anglo-Saxons, with pride and perfect de-National detachment. He said that Turkey was a mere instrument in a great orchestra, and likened that instrument to a violin very beautifully and sensitively played. He saw the world in two sections, Oriental and Occidental. He talked with equal pride of India, Egypt, Mesopotamia, etc. And he said he would go to Egypt, only as a conqueror. "Do you mean," I asked incredulously, "that Turkey dreams of annexing Egypt?" He answered: "Turkey!—no, Turkey is a word—how you do localize and specialize, how Anglo-Saxon you are!" I caught on at once: "You mean that you will go to Egypt when the Orient has thrown off the Occident?" He nodded: "When the Orient gets back the Orient——"

One might say of him that he was typical rather than individual in his opinions. I grew to love my friends, and they seemed to me to be friends of a thousand years. I grew to love my Turkey, even Constantinople with its blot of Allied occupation. I grew to love the sight of Stamboul always veiled in an opalescent mist at dawn. I love my awakenings by the muezzin when he called the faithful to prayer. I loved the chant of the street

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vendors as they went their rounds, I loved all the smells, and all the sounds, and all the sights, and all the people that were Turkish ! But Constantinople did her best to soften the pain of departure, she let drop the skies, and I caught my train for Sofia in a melancholy deluge of rain !

CHAPTER 17

Bulgaria, October, 1922

FROM Constantinople to Sofia it is a day and a night's journey, and the way lies across desolate Thrace. It reminded me of a house that has been let, the outgoing people had gone away, taking all their possessions and leaving much litter. The new people had not yet come in, when they did there would be much for them to clear up. Meanwhile abandoned dogs roved hungrily among the empty houses.

On arrival at Sofia, I drove to the Union Palace Hotel, which had been recommended to me as the best. Unfortunately I had not wired ahead for reservations, having been told in Constantinople that no one went to Sofia, and there would be plenty of room ! The hotel, however, was absolutely full, and I was assured that the other hotel in Sofia was equally full ! There seemed no alternative but to depart on the evening train for Bucharest. My look of dejection must have softened the heart of the inhospitable hotel manager. He suddenly remembered that some one had gone away for a few days, still retaining his room. If I did not mind the absentee's belongings, I could have the room. I certainly did not mind, I had grown accustomed to discomfort, and was thankful to find any place to lay my head. While I was in my bath a charming and perfect English voice called out : " Is Mrs. Sheridan in there ? I am the Prime Minister's secretary." I wrapped my bath-robe around me and peered out, full

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of curiosity. There stood a young woman whose personality struck me at once as very unusual. I was not mistaken ; it was none other than the internationally famous Nadejda Stancioff, the daughter of the Bulgarian Minister to London, and the Private Secretary of Stambouliski. In response to my telegram from Constantinople, asking for an interview, she had been sent to make an appointment. As soon as I was dressed, she carried me off to the Prime Minister, who speaks only Bulgarian, and for whom she acts as interpreter. Stambouliski is an interesting forceful personality. Once he was a shepherd boy, now he is the leader of his people. He has a great head, wild shaggy hair and the turn-up nose and small eyes of a typical peasant. He has a huge frame, a rotund figure, a sense of humour, and a great deal of vitality and imagination. As a small boy he showed so much aptitude in the State school, that his teachers singled him out for advancement. At nineteen he borrowed money from a woman, and went to France for a year to study agriculture. On his return, being unable to repay the money, he married the lady, although she was much older than himself. This explains why to-day, at forty-four, he already has a married daughter.

For twenty years he has worked on the Agrarian question, and organized the peasants into a party. During the war he opposed King Ferdinand's policy of joining Germany, as a result of which the King put him in prison for three years. At the end of the war the King sent for him and begged him to save his throne for him ! Stambouliski replied he would try and save his country, but not the King's throne, but he offered



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to save the kingship for the King's son, Boris, who is King to-day.

I asked the Prime Minister why he had opposed King Ferdinand's policy. I suggested that if Germany had won (and he had every reason to suppose that Germany had as good a chance of winning as the other side), King Ferdinand's policy would not have been wrong ! To which Stambouliski replied that he never had been of opinion that Germany could win.

He said : " The coalition against us was too strong, and no one has ever won yet who has fought against the British ! " I ventured to suggest that the Greeks had not gained much by the alliance. Stambouliski shrugged his shoulders. " That was different, the British never really helped the Greeks, whereas the French gave real support to the Turks."

I asked whether the return of the Turks into Europe altered the Balkan political situation, and whether it would result in a revival of the Balkan League of 1912-13 (Greeks, Serbs, Bulgars). He replied that no, the Turks in Thrace made no difference. So long as they kept to their Maritza line, and did not encroach, but—he said—Bulgaria *must* have her outlet on the Ægean which was promised to her in the Treaty of Neuilly. Moreover, that outlet would have to be in neutral territory. Whoever opposed that would be Bulgaria's enemy. The neighbour States, he said, should be interested in this proposition because it was equally important to them, and Bulgaria would provide free access. (I hurriedly looked at a map on my return, and it seems to me very easy for them to have their Ægean outlet.

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There are at least two good places geographically which, if declared neutral zone, would make excellent buffers between the Turkish and Greek frontiers in Thrace. But I learn from diplomats that the Allied fear is of a Turkish Bulgarian frontier. Not because they fear hostilities between the two, but on the contrary, their friendship might consolidate an inconveniently strong Eastern power ! Thus does Western Europe continually interfere, and live in apprehension of the East.)

He then went on to say that Bulgaria's policy now is to be on friendly terms with her neighbours. Bulgaria had in the past fought all her neighbours except the Black Sea ! Now it was time to turn to culture and reforms. Bulgaria had always been more advanced than the other Balkan Nations in these things, and to-day, when other countries are boasting their size and their new territorial acquisitions, Bulgaria would be advancing towards the door of knowledge. (It is a fact that Rumania, who gives herself great airs of superiority, has fewer schools and a higher percentage of illiterates than Bulgaria.)

He then, at my request, began to tell me of the new laws and reforms that his party, the Agrarian Government, have just put into force ; they are chiefly :

- 1st. The law of compulsory labour.
- 2nd. The division of property.
- 3rd. The law for encouraging building.

As regards the first, he explained that every boy of twenty has to give six months', and every girl of twenty has to give four months' work to the State, and after that, ten days every year until the age of fifty, except

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married women, who are exempt up to thirty. The work they are appointed to is according to their individual capacity. A woman of education, for instance, will be put to work in a Government office. But the sons of ministers, of well-to-do parents and of peasants are united every year, working side by side either on road building or railway building, or some kind of work on the land.

I asked if people worked willingly or not. "There is work—and work," I said. The Minister replied that a big percentage offered to work for twenty instead of ten days a year, and also those who were over the age limit. There were of course protests from the daughters of the bourgeoisie, and these mostly sought marriage as a means of escape! This contribution of labour from the whole nation is worth large sums to the State.

As regards No. 2, the division of property: No one is allowed to own more than thirty hectares of land. This means that the peasants all own their piece. The big properties are being broken up and compensated for, at pre-war values, which is causing much indignation!

Law No. 3, for encouraging building, exempts a house builder from taxes for ten years. The result is obvious to the most casual passer-by. Sofia is a mass of new buildings, there are whole districts that are new. But whether this is really going to solve the housing problem or not, who can tell? It is usually not dwellings for the poor, who need them so, but dwellings for the rich that are built by speculators. Unfortunately I cannot remain long enough in Bulgaria to study the results of these reforms. I can only give the theory. "But,"

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insisted the Prime Minister, his small eyes twinkling rather mischievously, "but, I want you thoroughly to understand the difference between us and the Bolsheviki. We desire that every peasant should own his land. The Bolsheviki insist that everything be under State ownership. Besides, the Soviet system is a dictatorship. Ours is a democracy. It is easy to destroy, it takes long to create. Nothing can be done in a day. I liken the social system of our civilization to a great old tree. The Bolsheviki said the tree was too old and cut it down, and planted a sapling in its stead. Now we, instead of cutting down the tree, which has taken so long to grow, but seeing that some of the branches overhung too far and kept out the sun, we cut these branches. We trimmed the tree to suit our modern needs."

Again he asked whether he was clear, and whether I thoroughly understood the difference between themselves and the Soviets. The producers and consumers of the world he likened to two men linked to each other by ropes around their throats, and in between stood the middleman pulling the rope and trying to strangle both. But he, Stambouliski, did not mean that either producer or consumer should be exploited any more, at least not in his domain. Eighty-five per cent. of the population is agrarian (they have a surplus of grain which Nansen is buying to send to Russia), but owing to their system of proportional representation, the Agrarian party has not got a very big majority in the Parliament. He said he did not mind this at all, that it was even better so, it made the party work harder and fight harder. It was not well to have too much power !

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Stambouliski claims for his party that it will be another fifteen years in power, but he only intends to lead it through its stormy days. "As soon as peace and calm return, I shall retire from public life in order to write my experiences."

Nadejda Stancioff, our interpreter, one of the most charming women that I have met in any country, is the daughter of an old reactionary and traditional family, her mother is French, and her father is the Bulgarian Minister to London. Nadejda Stancioff speaks five languages perfectly, including Russian, and English like an Englishwoman. She is tall and young, with mystic eyes, a manner of calm assurance, and the decision of a man. She is known as a great diplomat as well as a brilliant interpreter, and she is invaluable to Stambouliski, whom she has accompanied to the Genoa Conference as well as to the Convention of the League of Nations at Geneva. She has just been appointed first secretary to the Bulgarian Legation at Washington. It is almost illustrative of the progressive spirit of Bulgaria at this moment, that they should be the first country to recognize merit and capacity independent of sex, and have the courage to create an innovation in its favour. It is interesting, too, that Bulgaria should have produced this brilliant international type of woman.

After my interview with Stambouliski, Nadejda Stancioff took me to the Sobranie, which is the Parliament House, and I heard the Minister speak for perhaps an hour. He held his audience in a magnetic grip, and although I understood not a word, it was extremely entertaining. One minute the house would rock with

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laughter, the next would see the opposition beating their fists upon their desks and shaking menacing fingers at him. In one corner a group of good-humoured Communists listened attentively, and every now and then Stambouliski would pause in his speech and make an aside remark to them that would make them laugh. In the background was the empty stadium, with its gilded throne, and behind the throne a red curtain, that seemed to hide something. I asked and was told it hid the portrait of King Ferdinand.

Stambouliski asked if I would like to have an audience with King Boris, and Nadejda Stancioff arranged it.

On October 27, 1922, I was shamefully asleep at ten o'clock in the morning, when the King's secretary was announced. He had walked up the six flights of stairs, and sent in his card. I flung on my overcoat, powdered my nose, shook my hair, and went out on to the landing. He was a middle-aged gentleman with a beard, and he said that the King would receive me at 11.30. At my request he consented to come back and fetch me ; the Palace, which stands in a garden, is just across the square opposite the hotel. It is a simple dignified building of a rather pleasant yellow colour, like an Italian wall in the sunshine. The sentry boxes on either side of the entrance are painted red and white in most amusing slanting stripes which fail to meet. They look as if they had been painted for fun. The secretary, true to his word, fetched me punctually, accompanied me upstairs, and introduced me to the King's A.D.C. and another gentleman who appeared from nowhere. We discussed the Rumanian Royal Family's

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panic over Bolshevism, and their ridiculous closing of frontiers during the recent Coronation events. I even learnt new details, for instance, that all Hungarians had been interned, that even a British newspaper correspondent had been arrested, and released only in order to be accompanied everywhere by spies ! We were still laughing over these details, when a bell rang, and the A.D.C. ushered me into the King's room. The King greeted me, and then seated himself in a beautiful carved arm-chair in front of a well-littered writing-table. I sat opposite him as if it were a business talk ! The big, rather empty room, suggested a study rather than a drawing-room. An empty outer room and four sets of doors confirmed our privacy.

King Boris is the son of Ferdinand. He is a young man of twenty-eight, slim, intensely well-bred looking, with narrow face, small head and beautiful hands. His mother was Italian, a *Princesse de Parme*, and he suggests in appearance an Italian ascetic of the eleventh century. I looked at him in amazement, and wondered at this lonely young man in his quiet rather sad palace, in the midst of this peasant-governed nation.

He apologized that his *métier* of *chef d'état* kept him so occupied that he only had a few minutes to give me. But the minutes ran into an hour, and we never stopped talking ! He is very sympathetic, interested in everything, easy to talk to, careful without being cautious, and has liberal views. We talked inevitably of Turkey, and I said what I thought of the Turks I had met, that those in power were capable, intelligent, responsible people, that the Turkish peasant was a simple peaceful

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person if left alone, and I hazarded the opinion that if the Greek population remained in Thrace, they would be quite unmolested. The King said he was interested in this point of view, and rather surprised, for the day before he had talked with an important person who had just come from Constantinople, and who told him that the Turks were ready to massacre the Christians at any moment, and had great plans of conquest and dreamt of getting once more to Vienna ! (I made inquiries afterwards, and learnt from a Government official that this information had been given to the King by an English bishop ! I wonder that a bishop should lend himself to such an absurd tale. Or can it be that I only see and believe the best of a people, while every one else believes the worst ?)

In the course of our conversation we drifted upon Russia. He talked about the famine with deep feeling of horror and pity. It was an unbelievable condition of things in our century, but it was a situation, he said, that Europe had aggravated, and that now it was almost impossible to remedy. He attributed the chief troubles of Russia to the condition of her railways, in which he interested himself very much and seemed very well-informed. He told me he was by inclination a mechanic, and that he read papers and magazines on the subject of railway conditions in all countries. I gathered that he rather judged the condition of the countries by the condition of their railways. He said that in spite of all Russia's efforts to-day of buying engines, she was suffering from the general illness of European industry. He suggested that it was rather difficult to criticize Russia,

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because the condition of Europe did not present such a very glowing alternative ! He compared Europe to-day to a broken, fragmentary kaleidoscope ever changing and without sequence. I told him about the horrors of Smyrna. He said he had just seen Nansen who had told him in the same words his impressions of the horror of Thrace, and the little frail King looked intensely serious and filled with an impotent sadness. He said that "we, the Balkan countries," had seen so many evacuations, so many movements of people abandoning territories in masses, that it had become almost a familiar scene to them, though none the less terrible. He emphasized the necessity of every one talking and thinking peace ; he said, "The world cannot stand a great deal more strain."

Then, suddenly, his look changed into a smile, and he asked how it was that I, so strangely liberal and detached in my views, could be working for an American newspaper. He had heard that America was very reactionary, and very hard on its radicals ! Indeed, I don't know why America tolerates me, so there was no explanation.

King Boris asked with some curiosity about the tremendous inequalities of rich and poor in the United States, comparing the "millionaires" and the Czecho-Slovak workers. We agreed that it was the foreign workers who had enabled the United States to build up the tremendous industry there was to-day—and then, we recalled the feeding of the Russian famine districts by America, in spite of her anti-Bolshevism, and a great public-spiritedness on the part of those who have amassed

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fortunes. All of which makes America a strange land of contrasts and contradictions, concerning which it is impossible to generalize.

I told the King that Stambouliski had invited me to return next summer, and spend some months studying the country. He thought it was an excellent idea, and said he would be pleased to see me again, and talk over the changes that had taken place in the meantime. For changes happen so quickly, so unexpectedly, no man can dare to prophesy in these days. Even to say what one will do next year is taking too much for granted !

I was surprised that even the King had been affected by the fatalistic after-war spirit.

We talked about Ireland, about the British unemployment problem (there are no unemployed in Bulgaria), about the new British Cabinet, comparing the lack of new ideas and of young leaders in Western Europe, with the great creative flames that have burst up in Eastern Europe. He said : " It really does look as if the interest of the world had shifted from west to east—it is here to-day that the new problems are arising." Indeed ! no one can accuse Eastern Europe of suffering from paralysis !

I finally got up to go, I thought I was staying too long. He said he liked talking, that since the war he had been so cut off from the outside world that he had got rather out of touch. He accompanied me to the door of his room, and I lingered to look at a photograph on a table, of Queen Victoria with her grandchildren. He said that she was his great-aunt,—“ We are related through her husband.”

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King Boris gave me the impression of great isolation and rather of sadness. His mother is dead, his father is exiled, he lives with his two sisters. Perhaps responsibility weighs upon him. He is young, and has seen so much chaos.

Stambouliski says of him : “ If a King *can* be good—
our King is good ! ”

CHAPTER 18

Rumania, October, 1922

MY departure from Bulgaria and arrival in Rumania is perhaps illustrative of the difference between the two countries, a difference as distinct as the two colours on the map !

At Ruschuk, the frontier town on the Bulgarian side of the Danube, uniformed officials boarded the train and asked for me. They were the chief of police, the chief of the passport department, the chief of the Customs, with interpreters, etc.

There was considerable excitement among the passengers on the train, and I wondered if I were being arrested. But they explained that the Prime Minister, Stambouliski, had telegraphed that I was to be met and escorted and helped across the frontier. There was a great crowd at the station, for a Communist delegate was being met with red banners embroidered with hammers and sickles, and there were speeches and applause. The Chief of Police, as he elbowed a way for me through the crowd, said : " We don't care about them ! We agrarians are eighty per cent. of the population. The Communists can hold all the conferences they like, they can't dislodge us ! "

We piled into a rickety open carriage, the Chief of Police and the Interpreter were inside with me, and all my suit-cases. Another man climbed up next to the driver. The roads were so bad, I thought every moment our overloaded carriage would capsize. Suddenly the

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man next to the driver leapt from his seat to the ground and ran as hard as he could into the distance. The excitement of the Chief of Police at my side was explained by the interpreter : A convict who had escaped from the prison was suddenly recognized. I never heard if he was caught, but there was some interest occasioned by the fact that a Hungarian anarchist had been caught on the Danube ferry-boat on his way to Rumania with bombs. One of my official friends expressed a regret that he had been caught.

After giving me luncheon I was escorted in the ferry-boat across the Danube to the Rumanian frontier. But for this Bulgarian help, I should never have got into Rumania, for the Rumanians, seeing that my *visa* had been given in Constantinople, said I had the plague and did not wish to let me pass. The Bulgarians assured them I had developed no signs of plague in Sofia, and I assured them I had heard of no plague except the Allies in Constantinople. With infinite trouble my friends finally induced the Rumanians to let me through.

Rumania does the worst possible propaganda for herself, whilst her neighbours of Bulgaria and Hungary, etc., are very efficient in the art and Rumania does nothing in self-defence. I had heard nothing but the severest and bitterest criticism of Rumania from every journalist in Constantinople. If these critics came upon the same difficulties that I did, then they were indeed voicing their own personal grievances. It took me weeks (as compared with days in any other country) to learn anything of interest. All that is scum in Rumania rises to the surface, whatever is golden is hidden beneath

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and no one attempts to show it. The traveller sees but the worst side of everything. The bourgeoisie have an almost philosophic conviction that a writer is going to write ill of them and that it is useless to make an effort.

So far as my limited experience could judge, Rumania could be divided into three distinct parts : the peasants, the bourgeoisie and the Royal family.

Only the peasants represent the real Rumania. The bourgeoisie, much the same all the world over, is perhaps more reactionary, more class-conscious, more prejudiced, than anywhere else. The Royal family, being new to the country, and German, represent nothing at all in Rumanian life.

Whatever is of interest is peasant. In the midst of a Slav world, surrounded by Slav neighbours, these Latins have preserved the purity of their race in an almost miraculous way. Their instinct for self-preservation prompts them to despise everything that comes from the outside. Whatever the neighbour does must be wrong because he is of a different race. This alone explains the amazing fact that when the Russian army turned Bolshevik in 1917, on Rumanian soil, the Rumanian peasant did not follow the example. When the Russian soldier said : " Let us go home and divide the land," the Rumanian soldier, who was a dissatisfied soldier, who had entered the war with a spirit of discontent, and whose long-cherished dream of owning the land had been so far only realized by a promise, nevertheless resisted the Bolshevik suggestion. " What is good for the Slav is not good for us," was the Rumanian attitude. They are a gentle and kindly people, accustomed for

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centuries to the necessity of war for self-defence, and are a strange mixture of warrior and shepherd. They are deeply superstitious and add to their Christianity a worship of ancestors that would seem to have come down from the Roman conquests. There is every year a day set apart for "the forgotten," who are remembered, and a place is laid at the table, and a plate with bread for the unseen guest. The peasant is a poet, a dreamer, a philosopher and a musician. There is a shepherd song that is played on reed pipes to the accompaniment of a violin by the gipsies, as exquisite as anything of Debussy. The peasant has no commercial instincts, no desire for money, and does not drink. The instinct of his Latin isolation is to reproduce himself for the sake of the race, and a family of fifteen or twenty is the usual number. They are satisfied not to come to the towns which have little of attraction to offer them, and they have no interest in producing a superfluous food crop. They are self-sufficient and without ambitions. This psychology may, or may not, be conducive to the prosperity of the nation. The landowners whose estates have, since the war (and with the fear of Bolshevism as an urge), been divided among the people, complain bitterly that there is now no master to make the peasant work, and that he is content to produce for his own needs only. The truth of this is still difficult to decide, as for six years the harvests have been bad. Even this autumn it has rained continually for six weeks during the sowing season, which has made ploughing impossible, and every day that passes brings its threat of snow nearer and nearer. The peasants, therefore, have up to the

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present been unable to reap any of the advantages of land ownership.

Naturally Bucharest is as little typical of Rumania as New York is of the United States, but it is difficult for a foreigner not to associate the psychology of a capital with its nation. The Rumanian bourgeoisie refer to Bucharest with great pride as "little Paris" and the women overdress the part. This "little Paris" was, before the war, the capital of a small country. To-day it is the capital of a country three times its original size. Instead of 300,000, Bucharest now has a population of 800,000 and all business has to be transacted in Bucharest, where the congestion is such that no one can find an office, and no traveller can find a room. There is a terrible dearth of hotels, but as the Government controls prices, there is no inducement to open new ones. At the time of the German occupation, the main water-pipes of the town were destroyed, and have not since been restored, consequently there are only a few hours in the day when water is distributed to the town. It is almost impossible to have a bath. In a private house in which I lived for a week, I washed in a bucket of water as primitively as if I were camping in Mexico. In the evenings the meagre water supply being completely cut off, I did like my hosts and washed my hands in eau-de-Cologne ! On account of the lack of water in summer, there are typhoid epidemics and mad dogs in the street. In winter the town is overwhelmed by what Napoleon described as "the fourth element," which is MUD ! There is no attempt to clean the streets, which are so overcrowded it is usually impossible to keep on

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the pavement. These conditions are obviously the responsibility of the Government, and the Government makes a pretty poor show. But, by persisting in remaining in spite of one's boredom and despair, and by talking a great deal with everybody one meets, one realizes in the end that there is something fine, but yet dormant, that is just moving beneath the surface. The Government represents a determined and unscrupulous minority, who have seized power by mediæval means, and are supported neither by the people nor the Parliament. The Government of Bratiano describes itself as Liberal, but a Rumanian deputy described it to me as tyranny. In order to secure the majority of votes at the so-called elections, Bratiano, supported by the King and the army, arrested all the candidates of the opposition on their way to their meetings. Some of them were beaten, others more fortunate were merely detained, or, in the middle of the lonely country, robbed of their motors and left to walk in the snow for miles, to arrive too late. Under pretext of an epidemic of disease, opposition villages would be surrounded by soldiers and nobody allowed to pass out until the elections were over. The election campaign caused such a scandal that the few opposition members who managed to be elected have refused to take their seats in Parliament. Having arrived in power without the consent of the people, the Liberal party was trying to alter various clauses of the Constitution. Among other things, Bratiano was agitating to introduce capital punishment. It is an interesting fact, and one that should be a matter of great pride to its people, that capital punishment has

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never existed. The people are surely not more lawless to-day than they were in the Dark Ages, unless it is the methods of the Liberal Government that are provoking them !

Instead of instituting schools, with reputable teachers, in place of local speculators—instead of building roads, and not being content that the building material should lie in heaps by the track—instead of cleaning the town and reorganizing the water supply—the Government, already financially embarrassed, conceived (with the Court) the idea of having a Coronation pageant. Half the cost of the Coronation (it is estimated at about six hundred million lei) would have restored the water supply to Bucharest. I have discussed these problems with those Rumanians who are real patriots, and who, although white and trembling with grievance, said that patience was more valuable than agitation. Anything in the semblance of a revolution would, at this moment of their history, risk the loss of their newly-acquired territorial possessions. These are a matter of great pride to them, but also of some anxiety. As an example of the complexity of the new “greater Rumania” is the conversation I was told of between a Frenchman and a Rumanian in a restaurant. The Frenchman asked : “ Who are those people talking German just behind me ? ” The Rumanian explained they were Rumanian subjects from the Austrian province of Bukovina. Again the Frenchman asked : “ What language are those people talking on my left ? ” It was explained that they were Russian subjects from the province of Bessarabia. “ And what language do the

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Rumanians talk?" the Frenchman asked at last. "French," was the reply!

Before I arrived at any understanding I had to grope my way through a stratum of reactionaries, full of bitter prejudices and blind fears, people who were loud in their hate of the Russians, their detestation of the Bulgarians, their dislike of the Turks, their fear of the Hungarians, their contempt of the Serbs! Had one remained among one class of people only, one would have come away from Rumania with very limited impressions. But there are big people in the country, ready to do big work as soon as the psychological moments offer (if they do not come too late).

One of the most interesting personalities of Rumania is Aristide Blank, the director of the Great Eastern Bank of Marmarosh Blank et Cie, a man of culture and of great energy, with the sinister revolutionary face of Camille Desmoulins. He it is who had financed and created the civil aviation service from Paris to Constantinople via Vienna, Buda-Pesth and Bucharest, a most advanced and valuable international enterprise, which places him among the great pioneers of our age. He would have extended it to Moscow via Odessa and Kharkoff, but for the protest of the Queen, who said there must be no communication *whatever* with Soviet Russia.

One of the misfortunes of Rumania, from which she is suffering, and which appeals disastrously to my sense of humour, is the fact that when the Germans invaded and occupied Rumania in the late war, the Government sent its National Treasure to Moscow, in the care of

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their Russian Allies. The mere thought of any treasure being sent to Moscow for protection in the light of post-war events, is extremely funny ! Had the National Treasure fallen into the hands of the Germans, it would to-day have been returned !

Russia offered at one time to exchange it for Bessarabia, but the Rumanian Government refused this compromise. Chicherin informed me that even if Rumania changed her mind, it is now too late. " We are going to keep the Rumanian Treasure, and we are going to have Bessarabia as well ! " he said.

It is a pity for Rumania that they did not accept the exchange when it was offered, for one has a feeling that it is only a matter of time before Bessarabia returns to the Russians. The anxiety of the Rumanian Government almost adds to one's instinctive conviction on the subject.

Another misfortune which has befallen Rumania, and which has not only added to her financial embarrassment, but rendered her temporarily ridiculous in the eyes of the world, is the aforementioned Coronation.

The King and Queen wished to repeat the historic triumph of Alba-Julia, where, in 1600, Michael the brave, the great National hero, was crowned. Unfortunately, a cathedral in cement had to be built for the occasion. Moreover, it is not in the tradition of the country that the Queens should be crowned as well as the Kings, so there was one crown only, that of King Carol 1st, which was made from the cannons taken from the Turks at the battle of Plevna. Queen's crown there was none ! But the present Queen would wish to be more King of

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Rumania than the King, and it was not possible that one should be crowned and not the other, and so the Queen ordered a crown to be made out of Transylvanian gold, with *not* very precious stones, but which cost a great deal and weighed one kilo and a half. The cloud in the sky, however, was caused by the leader of the Nationalist party, who refused to be present at the ceremony. Plots were then discovered, bombs and documents were brought to light. A Hungarian nobleman was arrested in his silk pyjamas and thrown into a dungeon. Panic reigned in officialdom. Terrific measures were taken forthwith to secure the success of the occasion, and the security of the Royal lives. For ten days all the frontiers were closed. Passenger aeroplane service suspended. Rumanian foreign shipping service held up. Hungarians interned, and even the Transylvanian peasantry were not allowed within sight of the procession. But Heaven cannot be bribed, and rain descended upon the three gloriously appressed Queens of Rumania, Greece and Serbia, who stood in a melancholy group to be photographed for world-wide reproduction! When the festivities began at Bucharest upon their crowned return, there were still more stringent precautionary measures. The loyal citizens who wished even to walk in other parts of the town than that of the passing show, were unable to leave their houses without a street-walking permit, under penalty of arrest.

The real reigning families of Rumania were somewhat amused by the Royal effort to consolidate and protect their new position. The present Royal family have only been in the country one generation. The

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late King Carol was a younger branch of Hohenzollern, who was invited to accept the throne by the traditional reigning families who are the Princes of BIBESCO, BRANCOVAN, STURBE, MAVROCORDATO, GHICA, etc., mostly intermarried, and whose estates extended side by side across the country from one frontier to another. When they wearied of disagreeing between themselves, they decided to bring in a stranger to rule in their stead. The Bibescos own a Venetian palace that was built by the great ruler Brancovan in the sixteenth century.

The grandfather of the present Prince Bibesco was on the throne of Rumania, and Prince George is referred to as "the son of the Pretender" by the Royal family to-day. These descendants of the more recent rulers were *not*, however, represented in the Coronation pageant. There are some situations that are too intolerable even for the most confident of reigning royalties. Those who saw the Queen on the Coronation occasion, said that her crown suited her admirably, which is testified to by the quantity of picture postcards that adorn the town. The Queen has all the instincts of a movie actress, although sometimes she over-rehearses the part, and on this occasion there was no gallery.

After the Coronation excitements were over, and the guests had gone away, the Royal family returned to the rustic tranquillity of their summer residences. Among the wild forests of Sinaia, in a little valley between the mountains, there are three Nuremberg Castles. (The foreign family, doubtless in a moment of home-sickness, converted the Rumanian mountain-side into a little German Tyrol, and settled down to their exile with a

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sense of homeliness.) The biggest Castle is that of the late King Carol. The second, smaller in size, and with a yellow-tiled pointed roof, surmounted by a flag, is the home of the present King and Queen. Further on, hidden among the trees, is the residence of Prince Carol. He is the hereditary Prince who distinguished himself by marrying the daughter of an army Colonel, by whom he has a son. It will be remembered that the marriage was annulled on the insistence of his family, after which he took to wife the lovely daughter of a King (Princess Helene of Greece, daughter of Constantine), who was considered more worthy to be the wife of a Prince ! They very kindly invited me and my sister-in-law, who was with me, to their house. At the end of our formal visit, when we got up to go, Prince Carol, by way of helping us said, "Follow the smell of the kitchen, and you will find the way out," and left us. The smell of the kitchen led us to the backstairs, and we wandered about deserted corridors until at last an A.D.C. came to our rescue.

In their summer palaces the Royal families linger far into the autumn, even the winter snows find them still there. "We stay as long as we can," explained the King, and it was evident from the tone of the family that their "little Paris" had little attraction for them.

Sufficiently far away from the Royal habitations, there is a railway station, a bank, a pastry shop, a casino, a large white hotel, and some small villas belonging to the Rumanian "élite." There is also a monastery with seven old monks and three gilded domes. Every midnight the monks chant their Litanies in the little frescoed

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Byzantine chapel, where there is a heavy smell of incense, and dim lights.

When the summer is over, the "élite" return to their "little Paris." The casino and the hotel are closed, but the deep-toned monastery bells still ring for midnight mass, and the sun shines down on the rugged snow-clad peaks of the Sinaian mountains.

One can walk endlessly among the forests which are carpeted with copper leaves, or wander among the terraced gardens of the German fairy-tale castles.

An illogical contrast with the precautionary measures taken for the coronation events, is Sinaia, where no walls or gates protect the Royal estates. An occasional sentry saunters up and down the gravelled paths. The gardens are not even private for the Royal family until after five o'clock in the evening ! But there is a turreted garage which combines a guard-house by the roadside. When a carriage drives by, containing a baby all in white, twenty soldiers precipitate themselves out of the guard-house and present arms and blow bugles, which enchants the child who is the son and heir of the King's son. This is not the eldest child, whose mother was paid some million lei and banished. This is the second son, of all-royal blood, regarded proudly as the worthy successor to the future throne of Rumania.

Occasionally the valley reverberates with the sound of a military band which accompanies the ceremony of changing the guard. There is a strange mixture of unreality and make-believe in the midst of such dignity of mountains, such reality of Nature.

In the King's garden one sunny morning I found the

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King. He was in uniform with a grey astrakhan "Kalpak," the colour of his pointed beard. He wore many medals, and round his neck the Czarist Order of St. George. After one had talked to him a little bit, his shyness was dispelled and he became very amiable and friendly. He has a look of breeding that gives him dignity, and by force of habit he has become kingly, who otherwise would be a simple mortal who likes to hunt and drive his motor-car. We wandered among the terraces with their cold statuary, and the frozen shrivelled remains of summer flowers. The King pointed to a notice-board which he said must be removed because it spoilt the look of the garden. I said that as it was in Rumanian I did not in the least know what it forbade me to do ! and the King, laughing, said it was fortunate I could not read it, as otherwise I would be likely to go and do the forbidden thing at once ! He has a charming personality, and after meeting him, I understood why the mention of him always arouses a smile of friendly appreciation.

Inside the palace in a corridor, I met Löie Fuller, the music-hall dancer now grown old ! She it was who invented "luminous light" dances. To-day she is a dependent of the Rumanian Court, and acts as intermediary between the Queen and those who, in order to meet the Queen or win a Royal photograph, pay large sums to Rumanian charities.

Queen Marie received me, as in the fairy-tale, high up in a golden room. She was dressed in the costume of a Rumanian peasant. When I entered, she was standing with studied effect against a coloured window.

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Her head was blue-turbaned over a veil of white. The effect was very theatrical. She then motioned me to a place on the sofa by her side, and for an hour and a quarter I was not allowed to utter a word, while she told me very forcibly what she thought of me for having shaken hands with people who had murdered her Russian Royal family.

I was in good company, for her wrath was equally directed upon the King of Italy, for having received Chicherin (who knows, but that the King of Italy may some day have his hot hour and a quarter auprès de sa Majesté ?)

I could not make out if her sentiment for the Russian Royal family was one of personal affection or whether it was inspired by horror of the involved threat to royalty in the abstract. The Czarist's institution was the ideal of all the royalties in Europe. The Czar was rich, which is the dream of royalty, and autocratic, which is the envy of those who may not be ! Queen Marie's imperialism is, in this case, almost anti-Rumanianism, for it is the abolition of Czardom, and the chaos of the Russian Revolution that enabled Rumania to annex Bessarabia without a fight, to pick it up as if it were a bit of bread ! It is the extinction of Russian Imperialism that enables the Rumanians to sleep more securely at night. It is the pacifism of New Russia that obviates the necessity of ruinous forts and watching armies on the frontier. But there was no chance of saying these things. Only once was I able to interrupt ; it was when, to my amazement, she said about herself that she was interesting, because, as a Queen, she represented some-

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thing. I said that she was interesting not as a Queen, but as an artist. There are many queens, some not interesting at all. But Queen Marie did not show me her artist side, she continued to unburden her overloaded feelings.

She is a strange mixture of two strong races, Russian and German. Her mother was the only daughter of Czar Alexander who was killed. Her father, the Duke of Edinburgh, was the second son of Queen Victoria.

Her character displays a dominating masculine side, and the love of order and of tradition that is German, as well as the passionate emotional side which is Russian.

She is clever, but not deep. Arrogant and yet attractive, but self-absorbed and vain. She is vain as a beautiful woman who has been much spoilt. Vain as a Queen who has been much flattered. To me she was extremely unsympathetic, but I admired her all the same, because I admire people who feel violently, not neutrally about things.

There is a similarity in extremes, like Communists and Fascisti, or fanatical revolutionaries and fanatical reactionaries, who psychologically are alike. Queen Marie is a violent reactionary. As she talked her mouth grew hard, and her eyes, which are transparently blue, grew luminous. I wondered if any of the people in her surroundings, who knew her well, had ever seen their Queen so full of battle, so magnificently indignant !

I had been told that Queen Marie cherishes dreams of seeing her sister, who is married to Grand Duke Cyril, being some day Czarina of Russia. The thought of this produced upon me a sense of detachment. When

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in the end she turned her reproaches upon me, for being so full of indifference, such an onlooker in the world, I was more conscious of the dignity of her angry face than of the meaning of her angry words. I felt more an onlooker than ever ! and I reflected that Occidental manners, even those of the highest bred in the land, seem crude indeed when one has come from the Orient.

CHAPTER 19

Lausanne, November, 1922

BEFORE leaving Bucharest, having some experience of Rumanian frontiers, I asked M. Duca, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, if he would give me some kind of diplomatic pass that would be a help. M. Duca, who had been very charming and amiable to me, complied with my request. I think he had regrets for the difficulties I had already experienced. The paper he gave me for the frontier officials was magnificent indeed, signed and sealed, on Foreign Office official paper !

No sooner had we got to the frontier and there was a gesture towards opening my luggage, then I waved my impressive document. The officials looked at it in groups, and then proceeded to the luggage van, where they opened everything and probed to the bottom of each. They did it amiably and courteously, but they did it. They were searching, they said, for carpets. The smallest hand-bag was ransacked. Finally, I asked them what the document I had shown them was for. They answered : " That was so that you yourself should not be searched ! "

I wondered whether they were perhaps men who had been prevented from voting and therefore refused to recognize the instructions of a Liberal Minister !

The journey in the Simplon Orient Express from Bucharest is through Jugo-Slavia and Italy to Switzerland. When the Jugo-Slavs (Serbs) showed their

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intention also of ransacking my luggage, I protested, and, being tired, my manner must have been offensive. I said as I had no intention of stepping foot on Jugo-Slavian soil, I could not see what business it was of theirs what my trunks contained. The Serbs, who are worse than savages, for they are uncivilized people with a varnish who wish to affect a great importance, became equally as offensive as myself. They searched more thoroughly than the Rumanians and with no reason. I refused to lift my luggage down from the racks for them, I said they must do the work themselves. They kept the train waiting while they dallied over every trivial object. They looked at family photographs, they opened my diaries, said these were most important and that the "chief" must examine them ! They seemed to take a delight in looking at each one of my dresses. My evening ones especially, and my sister-in-law's French hats ! One would call to another, and they would hold the objects up and from what I could make out, would admire and discuss them. It was as if savages discovered civilized things they had never seen before. I told them they were stupid and mad. They got excited, and said that, on the contrary, it was I who was mad, just like the *tu quoque* of a small school-boy. The other passengers said that if my manner from the beginning had been one of deference, I would not have fared so badly, but I repeat that I was tired !

It seemed to me extraordinary that in a continent where everything seemed to be going to ruin, where such big things were at stake, where such crises were being enacted, that man should add to the dislocation

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and general complication of movement, all the pettiness and absurdities of officialdom, and all the tyranny of triviality. From which nothing could be gained and much lost.

At the Italian frontier one began to feel civilization was imminent, everybody was civil and not over-officious. At the Swiss frontier one was welcomed almost in open arms. The Swiss exchange being so high, very few foreigners can afford to come there any more, and their loss is keenly felt. There is nothing the Swiss won't do to encourage their coming and to make it easy and pleasant !

On arrival at the Beau Rivage Hotel, late at night, I instantly recognized diplomats and journalists from all over Europe, whose faces were familiar to me. Here we were back into that International Conference world, where everybody is so polite, so well-dressed, so diplomatic and so mysterious, where there is much hanging about with a semblance of business. I hurried wearily to my room. Perhaps for the first time, I appreciated falling asleep in fresh linen in a clean white room, where there were no fleas.

After twenty-four hours in Lausanne I realized that the conference was going to be long, secret and dull. I had been spoilt by the dramatic conference of Mudania, where one really felt one was taking a part. Even at Geneva in September, the League of Nations admitted one into its conferences and even into some of its councils. But at Lausanne the Press were admitted nowhere. They hung about the foyers of the hotels, trying to waylay those of importance who passed through, and

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who might have information. There were of course the official communications given out by each nation to its Press representatives after every session of the conference. But official *communiqués* are almost more a matter of propaganda than of news, and Press agencies rather than special correspondents are more adapted for that kind of news.

At Lausanne each nationality gave out its own official story from its individual National point of view. One could glean at least five different stories on the same session. It reminded me of an artist class all painting the same subject, and no two artists seeing it the same way! The Americans, being represented only by an observer, gave out no official news whatever to the American Press. So one had to choose which of the various news *communiqués* one would attend. In other words: whose propaganda should one send to the United States? British, French, Russian, Turk?—Obviously all the American correspondents on account of the language attended the British, and cabled whatever they could glean that was disinterested news from Mr. McClure, the British Foreign Office official, whose job it was to give it out.

The dullness of the moment was enlivened, at the time of my arrival, by the presence of Mussolini. It was his first, so to speak, "public appearance" since he had come into power through force. The Fascisti Revolution was still a matter of wonderment, and Mussolini was an unknown quantity and a spectacular personality.

I was awakened my first morning by a shrill American

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female voice in the street, who was holding conversation with a friend in one of the upper windows of my hotel, and what she said was : "What time do they start for the conference——? I'm waiting about for Mussolini—I must see him—I'd wait hours to see him—I don't care about any of the others."

Inside the hotel much the same sort of psychology was in process. Nobody was interested in Lord Curzon, or the French delegates, and certainly not in the Rumanians, every one wanted to see Mussolini. The journalists were swarming, all waiting or hoping for interviews. When he appeared in the foyer of the hotel, surrounded by his young Fascisti bodyguard, there was a flutter of excitement. Mussolini's expression on those occasions was a mixture of pride and disdain. He was intensely conscious of the attention he attracted, and anxious not to betray the pleasure that it afforded him. However, he ill-concealed his real emotions ! I, too, asked for an interview and four different Italians of my acquaintance interested themselves in the fulfilment of my desire ! Each promised to arrange it if the other failed ! Meanwhile, I hung about and waited, and found many friends that I had made in Europe during the summer. Among these, was Rouchen Eschref Bey, the poet writer of Turkey, and the great friend of Mustapha Kemal, whom I had met at Kemal's house at Smyrna. Rouchen Eschref, tall, handsome, and rather typical of a British Oxford undergraduate, had, like all the rest of the Turkish delegates, substituted the Nationalist astrakhan Kalpak for the occidental felt hat or the bowler ! I accused him of suffering from inferiority

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complex and told him that the Turks at Lausanne had lost all their charm, dignity and originality ! He replied rather lamely, that it was more important to be like every one else. We talked about Western culture and Western civilization, and compared it quite unfavourably with Oriental culture and philosophy, and before we had got very far, we were interrupted by Mussolini's "henchman," by name of Lohengrin, who announced with great ceremony that "Le President du Conseil" would receive me immediately.

I left Rouchen Eschref more quickly than I could say good-bye to him. His Oriental calm looked surprised at my excitement, as if he didn't think there was anything to be so excited about ! There were innumerable people hanging about on the landing outside Mussolini's room. Some of them were the Fascisti bodyguard who shadow him, and others were journalists. I was ushered into a sitting-room that contained a huge bunch of flowers tied with Italian colours, and left alone. Mussolini appeared from an adjoining room. He looked at me with such enormous bulgy eyes, which showed the whites all round them, and he had such a Napoleonic air, that I nearly laughed, and that made him look fierce.

He said he knew all about me, and my connection with the Russians, so that cleared the air. I was not interested either in his National or his International political views, I was entirely absorbed in his relationship and his attitude to the working masses. He talked of them impatiently, he said, "They are stupid, dirty, do not work hard enough, and are content with their little cinema shows—let them not attempt to take part

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in the political life of a nation. They must be taken care of, and their duty is to obey."

And then, referring to the word "people" (we were talking French), he said: "What does the word 'people' mean? and what are the 'people'? What is this vague herd? I only recognize that which I can touch, measure with my eye, bend"— He repeated this word several times—"plier," as if it gave him satisfaction. The masses, he said, always had, always will, and always must be governed by a strong minority. Inequality and discipline, these were his substitutes for Equality and Liberty. He said that the people had been deceived ("Le peuple a été trompé"), but that we had started a new world, and in the future the people were to be told the truth. "I tell them hard things," he said. "I tell them things that should hurt, and I talk quietly, without emotion (he suddenly dropped his voice to a lower key, and ceased his gesticulations). I talk to them like that, because I do not want their applause." He talked of beauty with the instinctive appreciation of the Italian. He said there was no such fallacy as that of equality and democracy; both ideals, if realized, would stamp out all beauty and interest and individuality from life. "What an intolerable world!" he said, closing his eyes with unspeakable horror at the perspective.

Mussolini talked forcibly, crisply, unhesitatingly. At the ends of his sentences he snapped his jaw with a cruel and contemptuous finality. He did not look at me when he talked, but across the room, and at the end of each statement he tossed his head, closed his eyes, and sat

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motionless, waiting doubtless "for the next" move from me. It resulted in several prolonged silences, during which I contemplated him at my ease, and left it to him to pick the threads up and go on. He was so curt, and forceful, and frowning I wondered if he hated me, and if so, why he received me! I did not understand at the time that this was his pose, either to make an effect or intimidate. When he did turn his epileptic eyes upon me in a searching way I could not tell whether he was laughing at me or scolding me. My subconscious, upon which I usually rely, came not to my assistance at all! Finally, when I got up to go, he said to me: "I know you modelled those fellows (*ces gens*) in the Kremlin." I answered: "Yes, and they impressed me very much. I found they had ideas—big ideas."—— He made a gesture of impatience and looked at me half pityingly: "Come to Rome," he said, "and see the Fascisti in all the glory of their jeunesse——"

It was then six o'clock. I came out on to the landing and was joined by a friend of the Italian Foreign Office, and the correspondent of the *Stampa di Torino*. They wanted to know my impression of the great chief. I said, "He is wonderful!" They laughed, that peculiar derisive laugh that is so typical of the Latin, always "moqueur" about everything, for whom nothing and nobody is sacred.

"Moreover, I will catch the midnight train to Rome," I said. Mussolini seemed to me a phenomenon to be observed. Having seen the man, and talked with the man, I needed to see him in his own background, analyse

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his atmosphere, and try to understand this movement of which he seemed to be the spirit incarnate.

It was a strange night in the train from Lausanne to Milan. After the frontier was passed, at every station there was a crowd who sang the Fascisti march, and their voices sounded strong and young in the clear stillness of the night. The cheers were spontaneous, unordered, enthusiastic. All night long it seemed to me, half waking, half sleeping, I heard the refrain of the Fascisti march. How readily the people lend themselves, I thought, first to one experiment and then to another.

Next day one had to stay in Milan. There was a dense fog and it was bitter cold. The second night Mussolini, who seems always very tired, after he had stopped at Milan telegraphed ahead to say there were to be no demonstrations at stations *en route*! "Le President du Conseil desires to sleep."

We arrived in Rome early in the morning, November 24. Glorious sunshine. Crowds at station. Mussolini with disdain raised his hat to the salutations on his way, but looked neither to the right nor to the left. The more indifferent he is, the more the people seem to adore him.

CHAPTER 20

Rome, November, 1922

I STAYED at the Grand Hotel, which was full of Fascisti detectives inside and out. Mussolini had made the Grand Hotel his headquarters, and before long I was thoroughly advised of what various sections of the Romans thought of their new chief.

To Italians the Grand Hotel represents a centre of life that is rather exotic. It is the background of all the society cliques, mondaine intrigues, and gossips of Rome. The more serious element criticized Mussolini for living there. Meanwhile, the American princesses, with whom the Grand Hotel was thronged, were all wishing they knew him, and talking flippantly about the Fascisti leader's private life !

The man in the street, however, blindly adored him; the working people who yesterday were Bolsheviks shouting, "A basso Jésus-Christo, e viva Lenin," were to-day metaphorically kissing the white-spatted feet of the man who had conquered them with their own weapon of violence. No wonder Mussolini considered them a politically negligible quantity !

On Sunday, November 26, two days after my arrival in Rome, Mussolini unexpectedly sent a messenger for me at 7.45 p.m., who led me to his room. He was just finishing a little frugal meal, and apologized for not having invited me to partake, but he explained that he ate so very little, one could only work well if one did not

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eat much. The only photographs in the room were of himself, and there was also a life-sized oil painting.

At intervals of eating fruit and drinking coffee he got up and came and sat by me on the sofa. I said to him : " Well ! so you've dissolved la Chambre ? " (the house of deputies had been indefinitely adjourned the night before). He nodded, with a mischievous look in his eyes.

I said : " You are simply a dictator ! " Again he nodded with laughter.

" Then I suppose the only thing left to do is to pray to God to inspire you in the right way ! " I said. He looked rather thoughtful, and then he told me that sometimes he feels impelled as by a mystic force that he does not understand, then suddenly the mystic force leaves him, and he feels that everything has to be accomplished through his own will.

I asked him how it was possible that he had once been a Socialist, and what was it that had changed him into what he had become ? He answered : " German militarism, that is what changed me—— Do you remember what the German Socialists did when war broke out ? " I could not extract from him a clearer explanation, and I felt rather unconvinced and dissatisfied. All I know about the German Socialists before the war, is that they belonged to the Second Internationale. Had they refused to take up arms doubtless there would have been no war. But they joined up immediately, and fought against their brother " workers of the world " and broke up the Second Internationale by doing so.

Mussolini said that he realized that wars are inevitable

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and unextinguishable. The man with the mock Napoleon head believes in wars, believes in violence, in blood, in force; he even cited as admirable and glorious examples of violence, the historic days of the Borgias, when men murdered their own sons and brothers ! He talked to me about the necessity of obedience (the word which more than any other sends the blood to my head). He has a passion for youth, and despises death. He said : "Bring me your boy, and let me dress him in the black shirt of the Fascisti, with the death's head emblem on his breast, to teach him early in life to despise death."

He talked to me a little of his parentage. He comes from a line of peasants. His father was a "*forgeron*," a blacksmith. His mother was a school teacher, with a nature very sensitive and refined. She loved this boy, with his impetuous tempestuous nature, who sometimes would disappear for a couple of days and return home with a broken head; always he was in fights. His mother recognized that she had given birth to an elemental ! She died early in her forties, and is buried somewhere in a little remote village churchyard. For months her grave has been heaped with flowers, brought there by the Fascisti youth in tribute.

He likened the peasant strain to a plant that goes on for years and years, and then suddenly throws up a flower.

He talked to me of his absolute detachment from material things. He cares not for women (at mention of them he ground his teeth savagely) : "Women make one suffer——" He cares not for children : "After the

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age of eight they become des petits vicieux." (Yes, thought I—in Italy!) He reproached the British for inventing the word "comfort." That was a word for which he could not forgive them. Comfort of body implied comfort of mind—a deplorable condition! He cared not, he said, for comfort, and he made a sweeping gesture which seemed to comprise his large luxurious drawing-room, and to imply the entire Grand Hotel. What did he care, he said, whether he were here or somewhere else, whether he had comforts or whether he had none. Moreover, he cared not for possessions, or for money. He hesitated, and then, "I don't care if some one takes my motor-car——" Nothing material or human meant anything to him. "Then what does mean something to you?" I asked.

He got up from his place next to me on the sofa and walked a few paces across the room, staring Napoleonic-ally in front of him. His walk had not the firm decision of a strong man, but the shuffling step of a defiant child. He turned and looked at me, and clenching his teeth, he said very deliberately: "Le pouvoir——"

"You've got it!" I said. "You've got power——"

He smiled cynically and nodded. "Do you know what you mean to do with it?"—— He came back and sat down again beside me: "Yes, I know," and he proceeded to outline some of the things that were in his plan. His first consideration was for "Le peuple," and he talked of the people with less impatience than he had at Lausanne. This inconsistency was the first that aroused in me a suspicion of his instability of opinion.



ISMET PASHA

(f. 260)

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He said he loved the people ! “ *Mon amour pour le peuple est mon amour pour le printemps.* ” (What connection there can be between his love of the spring and his love of the people, I refrained from asking.) He meant, so he said, that the people should have good wages, eight-hour work-days, decent clothes, food, educational facilities, as well as theatres and cinemas to help to make life more tolerable. But, he insisted, they must understand that they may in no way interfere with the political life of a nation. “ The people have confidence in me, they have confidence and curiosity. Those who oppose me do so very feebly, it can hardly be called an opposition. *Eh bien*—(and he became suddenly very emphatic)—I guarantee that the ‘ people ’ are going to be satisfied. I do not promise them Paradise. I do not lie to them. I only promise them the truth—I guarantee that the people——” And then he broke off, lowered his voice, and with a mischievous twinkle, he added : “ But I am not so sure about the bourgeoisie, that they are going to be satisfied ! ”

It was a curious statement for the supposed champion of the bourgeoisie to make, and for one who is spoken of as subsidized heavily by all the rich Industrialists of his country. It was as if he suddenly had reverted to his old socialism, without being conscious of it, and he was happy in it ! Then suddenly, in that curious abrupt way in which he breaks off disconnectedly from one subject to another, he began to philosophize ; he said that in order to face the realities of life one must make one’s heart into a desert. He likened his own heart to a desert devoid of water or oasis. He loved nothing

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except youth. He shuddered at the idea of old age. He made the most extraordinary incoherent animal-like grunts and groans, to illustrate his abhorrence of old age. He would not admit even that age had dignity, for he recognizes no dignity except in strength.

"What age do you think I am?" he asked me. I hesitated, and was about to plunge, giving, as I would to a vain woman, years that I believed considerably less than the accurate number. But even from this I refrained, half in fear, half in pity, for he looked at me with such fearful desperation, and emitted such apprehensive sounds that I finally laughed, and said I could not guess—and he seemed relieved and did not insist.

Finally, he became personal; he said to me: "You are a young woman, why do you interest yourself in problems? Live your life, and leave the problems to take care of themselves. Vous demandez toujours le pourquoi dans la vie, et il n'y a pas de pourquoi." I protested that I had to try and understand, because I had to believe—in something. He looked at me, mockingly but indulgently, and then asked: "And what have you learnt from me? Haven't I shaken your ideas?" (*est-ce que je ne vous ai pas bouleversé les idées?*) "Yes," I said, "I have learnt from you that there is no such thing as right or wrong. What succeeds is force (he nodded approval) and courage (he nodded again) and individuality." He patted my hand as though I were a pupil who had learnt well a lesson. And then he reminded me again: "Keep your heart a desert."—It had indeed become pretty arid and empty. Once it

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had seemed to me a garden, full of red roses. The roses had been withering for some months, but they were certainly not going to be replaced by black tulips. There seemed to be moments when there was nothing in my heart but emptiness. I looked back sadly on the days past when I was full of enthusiasm and ideals and convictions that I wanted to work for. And how unkind people were, the people who had no illusions themselves, and who begrudged me my dreams.

Such was my train of thought, and Mussolini, too, had become silent. He had relapsed into one of his fierce and sullen meditative moods, when he becomes oblivious of the person present, and talks half audibly to himself. I got up, remembering that some one had been waiting three-quarters of an hour to take me out to dinner. Mussolini was evidently going to be late for the second night of Sarah Bernhardt (he who hates old age !).

I said : " Good-bye, some one is waiting for me——"

He kissed my hand without a smile and said ironically : " You are hungry—go and eat. Above all, don't ever let your enthusiasm or your ideas rob you of your appetite."

Monday, November 27, 1922, I spent three hours in the gallery of the Senate. Mussolini had told me that he would make a " discours " at three o'clock. I was there at 2.30 to get a good place. The Senate is a fine dignified panelled room, and is planned a little like the classic Greek theatres, the seats going up in tiers round a half circle. Opposite, against the straight line of the wall, a stage with the throne of the President of

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the Senate. Just below the stage, the seats of the Government Ministers confronting the House.

I thought of the traditional Roman Senate, and of the absurd difference. I watched the House fill up slowly, and the Senators who came in were so old, so feeble, some of them had to hold on to the desks to climb the steps. At three o'clock, the assembly hour, one looked down upon a houseful of bald heads and white beards. For two hours I had tediously to listen to senatorial speeches which I did not understand. The only amusing time was when a more than usual doddery old senator got up to speak and the House would not listen to him. Talk as long as these would, it was impossible to hear a word. The whole House talked, laughed and disregarded the President's bell for order. I looked at Mussolini, who sat back in his chair, with a look of such boredom and such impatience, and I thought of all the things he had said about old age, but I also thought of all he had said about discipline and obedience! He had better begin by teaching it in the Senate.

At last, after all the waiting, Mussolini stood up to speak, and there was in an instant a hush in the Senate, one could have heard a pin drop.

Mussolini spoke in a low clear voice, slowly, deliberately, concisely. I, who had not understood the foregoing speeches, was able to understand almost everything he said, and most of it he had said to me the evening before.

His pose is to speak coldly and calmly without gestures. He began all right, and his simplicity of manner

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was very effective. But I was amused to note, that as he got excited and carried away, he forgot about his self-imposed form, and his gesticulations, although not exaggerated, were very forceful. The House every now and then tried to applaud him, but he gave them no time and went straight on. When he had finished there was a storm of applause, and he sat down amid a sea of hands extended towards him, which he was obliged to shake, but he did so with an unsmiling countenance and without looking at his admirers—he shook the proffered hands because he had to, but with obvious boredom. He hates any sign of approval! I imagine he would almost rather have people against him, he is a fighter, and he can only react against opposition.

Upon my return from the Senate I sent an album of photographs of my sculpture work to Mussolini, as he had expressed an interest to see it. He had also half promised to sit for me. At ten o'clock in the evening he sent his messenger for me, but I was out dancing! My Italian sister-in-law, who had the room next to me, received the messenger and informed me on my return.

The next night, Tuesday, he sent for me again, this time at nine o'clock. He was full of praise of my work, said he had not expected it to be like that. Consented to have his bust done and planned that it should begin the very next evening in that room. He seemed restless and disconnected. He said that he had treated me as a friend instead of as a journalist, and that he had said too much. He had decided that he did not wish me to write anything about him at all. If I did he would surely know it. He had Press bureaux all over the

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world. Anything that was published about him even in China, was sent to him. If he came across anything about himself with the name of Sheridan attached to it, he would have me pursued by his Fascisti police, and there was not a country in the world in which I would be safe !

Threats don't have much effect on me. Had he asked me courteously, as a friend, it would have been a different thing ; however, I said to him that as I had not been afraid of the Bolsheviks, I was certainly not going to be afraid of him.

He turned upon me a look of fierce scorn :

"The Bolsheviks," he said, "are pacifists—nobody need be afraid of them, but the Fascisti are people who believe in violence." He was in a queer mood, charming one moment, aggressive the next. Varying from compliments to threats, seemingly irresolute and capricious.

The next day he sent me a note :

MADAME :

Je vous prie instamment de vouloir renvoyer ma première pose pour ce buste fameux, que je ne desire pas.

J'aime pas les monuments faits aux vivants. Leur résultat est de vieillir.

Cordialité sincère.

MUSSOLINI.

I never saw him again to talk to, but was told later, that his decision was the result of advice of his Fascisti

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bodyguard, who assured him (not one of them, but at least nine !) that I was a Russian spy who had been expelled from England, and they feared for his life ! It is strange that such a dictator should have allowed himself to be overruled by them ! Nor does it prove much efficiency on the part of his secret service, who might have been informed of my lunching and dining at the British Embassy, a strange procedure for one who is outlawed !

Mussolini is a striking example of force and feebleness. He can be completely controlled by those around him, and unfortunately his entourage contained no one of any intellectual or moral value. Mostly they were hot-headed young Fascisti, full of zeal, but absolutely ignorant of the world and without political, diplomatic or social experience. An amusing and rather frivolous instance is that of "Lohengrin," Mussolini's "right-hand man," who accompanied him everywhere. Lohengrin had been invited by a foreign office official to meet some ladies at tea in the foyer of the Grand Hotel. After they had gone away, Lohengrin said to his friend : "What very charming cocottes !" And it had to be explained to him that they were all princesses and duchesses, and not cocottes at all !

Mussolini is a shrewd opportunist, who has seen that no revolutionary such as Lenin can succeed against public opinion—and he realizes how easily public opinion is won. A few little formulæ make an effective smoke screen. So he ordered that the King's photograph and the crucifix should be replaced in the schools and that the King, who hitherto had been treated negligibly by his ministers, should in future be approached only in a

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frock-coat ! What an effective concession on the part of a blacksmith's son ! Even gentlemen had given up wearing frock-coats the world over, except in Japan. But the symbol is not without value in enlisting the confidence and sympathy of those who are anxious about revolutionary movements. And the Communists, with whom the Fascisti ranks are filled, smile indulgently and hold their peace.

My own impression of Fascism is that if it were to succeed internationally it would turn the whole world into the conditions of Mexico and Ireland, where every young man, instead of thinking of work, says : " Give me a gun." In the United States there exists the Ku-Klux-Klan, a species of Fascism capable of spreading. There is very little to choose between these conditions or those of open social revolution.

Winston Churchill (who is talked of as the likely leader of a Fascisti party in England) says Fascism is the shadow of Bolshevism, and that if we must be ruled by one or the other, he would rather be ruled by Fascisti violence than by Bolshevik violence. Of this the world may take its choice. Perhaps our future rule is to be in the form of one or the other kind of violence. Maybe this is the natural evolution that replaces the passing away of civilization. Most of us will probably live long enough to judge of this thing.

Meanwhile, it is difficult to compare Mussolini as a leader with either Lenin or Kemal, who were so impressive with their cold, calm simplicity, their genuine modesty. One was conscious in them of such depths beneath the unruffled surface. But Mussolini, the dramatic tenor

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without a voice, belongs to an emotional race of actors and to a people more difficult to manage than Russians or Turks.

Lenin was rid of his bourgeois aristocratic world . . . they fled or were killed. Kemal has only a few, and they are fatalists and dreamers. Mussolini has to reckon with a blasé, ironical, cynical, demoralized social system, people who are comparatively useless in the constructive scheme, whose criticism is insatiable, and who are no respecters of persons or personalities. People for whom nothing and nobody is sacred, people who with their mockings kill prestige, destroy every halo, and leave every figure a scarecrow.

Mussolini to them was a nine days' wonder, and for nine days they respected his success; they were proud of the conspicuous place that Italy held for nine days in the eyes of the world. But they assured one that Fascism is a fashion, not an institution ; that already (it was four weeks old at the time I was in Rome) it is no longer a new movement, and that Mussolini's black shirt had become a black frock-coat.

Whether Mussolini is clever enough, deep enough, well-balanced enough not to lose his head, not to lose his judgment, and not to get drunk with power, remains to be seen.

On his return to Italy from the London Conference he roused an ovation for himself by announcing that, after all, the London Conference had not been in vain, for he had succeeded in getting the British to cancel the Italian war debt. It was the first the British had heard of it ! The London *Times* shortly after referred

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to him disrespectfully as "a village politician," and this was cabled to the American Press. Already the laurel wreath seems to be tumbling sideways on the hero's head ! By the future he will be judged, his task lies before him. It was fortunate in a way that I went to Rome. Had I not gone I should have preserved illusions about the character of Mussolini. Moreover, my visit to Rome crashed another illusion in me. Italy ever since my girlhood had been infinitely precious and lovable to me. In Italy I had spent my happy irresponsible early days. I had lived in the little remote fishing villages and known the peasants, I had lived on the tops of mountains overlooking the sea, and among olive groves and terraced vineyards. I knew all the wild flowers, and revelled in the hot smell of rosemary and lemon-blossom and cypress. I used to say that if ever I were free I would live in Italy. When I was free, however, I had to work and there was no work to be done in Italy. I resolved to save up so that some day I might realize my dream, so that at last I might live the end of my days in the sun, and die in Italy, and be buried in an Italian Campo Santo. It was a great event to me, to return to Italy. I felt as perhaps a woman feels who is going to see again a lover of years long past.

In Rome I had always lived near the Piazza di Spagna, I loved the wide, long steps covered by the flower market, that leads up to the Pincio Hill, with its wonderful view of Rome and its memorable sunsets.

This time I did wrong in going to the Grand Hotel. In the midst of all that worldliness intrigue and demoralization, I was thoroughly miserable. I did not even find

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Rome beautiful. It is true that I have seen the Acropolis since last I saw Rome, and I felt as the Greeks of those days must have felt about the Romans, that they were a vulgar parvenu people who had spent a great deal of money on over-decorating their town. Time has softened the vulgarity of Rome, and the Romans are neither rich nor parvenu, and the Greeks have in every way ceased to exist except in museums, but something had happened to me, the spell was broken, and the broken spell of Rome broke for me the whole spell of Italy. Even the Therme Museum was a disappointment. Although there are at least half a dozen immortal sculptures that are worth crossing the world to see, the bulk of the Museum contents were worthy only for a rock garden. I did not revisit the Museum of the Vatican, I cannot stand the vine leaves. Nor did I go and throw my pennies into the fountain of Trevi before leaving, for I do not want ever to go back.

CHAPTER 21

Lausanne, December, 1922

I RETURNED to Lausanne on December 4, just at the right moment. All the past week the conference had been somnolent, but Chicherin's arrival seemed to shake everybody from their torpor. When Chicherin speaks he always seems to stir up something ! All day the journalists tried to find out what had happened. The air was full of vague rumours. The British told their story, the French theirs, the Turks yet another, and Chicherin in his querulous voice and an ironic smile gave the Russian point of view. Upstairs in his room at the Savoy Hotel, Rakofski, the representative of the Ukraine, told me with great glee that the Russian policy as regards the Straits was the same policy that Britain had pursued for over a century, and that had been worked for by Chatham, Disraeli, etc., whose policy had not been the policy of the moment, but that of the future. In other words : Free straits for commerce, open to no fleet whatever except the Turkish fleet, which of course had to protect its capital. The Russians were the only people during those days of conferences who were not overwhelmed with anxiety, and who did not adopt the conference seriousness. They seemed to be imbued with the spirit of Puck, they upset everybody, they laughed behind the doors.

Chicherin, with his pointed beard and small twinkling eyes, seemed always mischievously cheerful, as if he carried a joke that he was not telling ! He asked me

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to dine one night in his apartment. Ivan Arens of the Russian delegation was also there. Ivan Arens, whom the British constantly referred to as "that agent of Lenin," also shared the Russian psychology, he seemed always perfectly satisfied and greatly amused.

It was the first time that Chicherin had ever been nice to me. But that blot on our friendship at Moscow, when he chased me from his office, had by now become a sort of unmentionable joke between us ! But when I arrived an hour late for dinner, I added to my apology the reminder that once I had been of a party that had waited three hours for him ! He laughingly denied such a possibility. What amazes me about Chicherin are his ever-ready replies. It does not matter what one asks him, and nothing one can say ever seems to embarrass him for a second, or cause him to hesitate for an answer. I cannot argue with Chicherin, because he silences me with a reply that has such finality, there is nothing left to say. At Lausanne I felt even more than I had felt anywhere else in Europe, a strength, and a resistance, and a stability in the Russian nation. They were the only people who were afraid of no one, not even of England. All the other people were overruled and terrorized by Lord Curzon. The fact is, Russia is in a unique position. No one can invade Russia, as people have learnt to their cost. She may be blockaded, she cannot be destroyed. She may suffer, but she has a capacity for suffering above the average. She has a power of resistance that none can equal. Russia can exist alone, on her own resources. Nothing can shake Russia. And every day while the others are pointing

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the finger of contempt and regarding Russia as crippled, starving, weak and negligible, Russia is slowly, very slowly, growing stronger and stronger !

The Turks meanwhile were keeping everybody guessing. Who can fathom the Oriental mind ? They wavered back and forth from their Russian Allies, whom they supported one moment, and to whom they were unfaithful the next. There was much talk of a break between the Turks and the Russians, and of a *rapprochement* to the British. Were I a Turk I would regard the Russian as my more valuable friend. But being British, I was rather rejoiced when I saw signs of an inclination our way on the part of a people I respect and love. I went one day to the Lausanne Palace Hotel and asked for Ismet Pasha. I was told it was a day of crisis and indecisions and that Ismet was receiving no journalists. I grumbled. I said I was the proven friend of Turkey ; my irritability was all the more conspicuous by comparison with the calm Turk on whom I vented my spleen ! Without a change of expression and with never-failing courtesy my grumblings were cut short by the polite request that I should wait one minute and I found myself alone in a room. To my surprise, about three minutes later, Ismet Pasha joined me. He is terribly deaf, and I had to shout close to his ear everything that I had to say. He asked after my health, my spirits, my amusements, and Franklin-Bouillon, and evaded every issue of the moment ! Whenever I asked an indiscretion he pretended not to have heard and said : " *Comme vous êtes charmante !* " When I asked him if he was going to become a friend of Britain, he kissed

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the palm of my hand and said : "Voilà la paix que je fait avec l'Angleterre." Impossible to get anything out of him. He was very nimble, very evasive, very Oriental. Finally, he asked me with a twinkle in his eye : "What would you do ?" That was altogether beside the point. If I were Turkish I would do one thing. Being British I would do another. Loving Russia I might do quite differently ! Then he amazed me by asking whether I thought it would matter if he went back to Angora and left everything in the hands of the Turkish delegates. I said emphatically that it would matter very much, that I thought his departure would break up the conference. How clever Orientals are ! I came away from an hour's interview with Ismet Pasha having learnt not a great deal, certainly not enough to cable, but with a pleasant feeling of having been very courteously treated !

The Conference Chamber itself, to judge by all the stories that came out of it, seems to have had all the psychology of a schoolroom.

At a three-sided table, Lord Curzon, magnificent with authority, presided with all the dignity of a headmaster. Some members of the class dared to argue, one was defiant, but four did as they were told.

Sometimes the master scolded, sometimes he lectured, occasionally he threatened, often he gave advice. His inward emotion usually was not expressed in words, but those who knew him by experience read him by the changing colour in his face.

Up to a certain date the Allies were surprisingly friendly. France would agree to anything because of the impending Brussels Conference, where she required

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the strong and friendly hand of Britain to aid and abet her reparation claims. Italy was represented by the aged, sallow and somnolent Marquis Garroni, half alive, and half asleep, who listened but who did not discuss. When the Allies required his voice they nudged the inert mass, which stirred as if in a dream, and said :

“Italia has agreed to whatever the Allies propose.”

The Rumanians were trying to be worthy of their new greatness in which they felt not too secure. They were currying favour in hopes of protection on a not far distant fighting day. So good they were that it was not necessary to explain to them or argue. A scribbled note passed down the line with orders what to think, and they obeyed !

There were the Bulgarians, well beaten, but not dispirited, unreliable, but also trying to be good. They, too, were currying favour in hopes of being rewarded with the long promised port on the *Ægean*. Stambouliski, a stormy chief at home, here was quiet and subdued.

His spokesman was the only girl at the conference. When he said two unknown words, the tall white-faced Nadejda Stancioff held forth in any language perfectly. She seemed to hold the crystallized hopes of Bulgaria in her tapering hands.

Others were less amenable and toward them Lord Curzon was obliged to change his manner. The Turks required careful handling, and the promise of reward. They were very slow and careful. When called upon to speak, they often did not answer.

Ismet Pasha would sit contemplatively, oblivious of all eyes that were upon him. His deafness spared him

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the intimidation of the grave-like silence he created. At first his peculiarity was misunderstood, but after awhile he became known and liked. Sometimes the Russians would answer for him. This annoyed my Lord of Kedleston, who insisted that each should speak for himself.

The Russians were the bad boys of the class, rebellious, without discipline, recognizing no rule, and devoid of respect ! They took a joy in teasing the Allies.

Chicherin's querulous voice and quick wit gave the Turks a semblance of strength. But sometimes Ismet hesitated, perplexed between the devil, in the shape of Chicherin, and the deep sea, represented by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, wondering perhaps if the British were a better friendship than the Russian.

When Chicherin, the typically rebellious schoolboy, nudged little Ismet, urging further deeds of mischief, the deafness of the prudent Ismet became acute. His understanding clouded and the Russians would shrug their shoulders and whistle little tunes like those who do not care.

"How stupid are the Turks ! How frightened of the British," said the Russians.

In desperation Chicherin would turn his mischief on the Rumanians. He shook a warning finger, "Be careful how you move for fear we reduce you to the level of another Greece."

The amiable M. Duca of Foreign Affairs, with perfect manners, but devoid of humour, thanked the threatening Chicherin for his friendly advice !

Suddenly one day across the thickening atmosphere

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of the conference chamber there came an icy blast. The British Admiral had opened wide a window. Those tiresome British always imposing their pleasure upon others ! Why this perpetual desire for air ? Had they not land and sea enough ?

The Italian Admiral, a fragile being, used to the sultriness of the blue Mediterranean, wrapped a curtain around his body as though it were his national flag, and, like a Turkish lady half veiled, protected his face against the cruel Swiss air. An International situation was averted by the sudden appearance of an assistant master to Lord Curzon. What was he saying ? He addressed the Turks. The words he spoke were not his words. No one smiled except the Russians.

It was America speaking through her "observer," Mr. Child, and saying that every missionary and all canned pork must be escorted through that free Black Sea.

One other present at this midwinter day's dream, although unseen, was Puck. He held his sides with laughter and said again : " Oh, Lord, what fools these mortals be ! "

The American position remained an enigma to me. I cannot understand why a people who refused all urgent requests to come to Genoa, on the ground that they would not sit at table with the Russians, should uninvited (?) come to Lausanne, and speak very loud and peremptorily through an unofficial (?) observer ! Is a representative not a representative when he's an observer ? Was Ambassador Child official, and if his voice was so important, why was he not the head of a delegation ? or if he was there to observe, why did he speak ?

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A few days after my return to Lausanne, Mussolini passed through again on his way to the London Conference, and journalists smiled when they read of his arrival in London and of how amiably the Fascisti chief had posed to the Press photographers !

I was in Chicherin's room when Ivan Arens read the first reports of the London Conference in the newspaper. The account as I read it was optimistic enough, but Arens jumped up with delight and almost danced ; he said : " They've disagreed ! The British and the French have disagreed . . . that's what I expected . . . that's what we've been waiting for ! . . ." I took the paper and re-read the news and could discover no such information. Arens laughed : " You haven't learnt yet how to read between the lines." His interpretation was accurate. The London Conference failed to agree, and therefore the Brussels Conference never took place. This first failure of the Allies to agree on reparations strengthened the Turkish resistance at Lausanne, and increased the satisfaction of the Russians. They were all the time like people waiting for something big they knew was bound to happen.

Finally, as the year advanced towards its end, I decided that my journalistic career must end also. The Russians urged me to wait, Chicherin said that really dramatic developments would take place that were worth waiting for. I was loth to go, but, as I explained, I had been a father to my children for six months and now I must go back and be their mother. Little enough time has gone by since then, but the Lausanne Conference has failed and dispersed. The French are in the Ruhr, and

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all the dramatic and startling events that the Russians predicted have already come about. The *Entente* is at an end. Italy is wavering with the typical uncertainty of her chief, backing first France, and then protesting, hoping for some loot from Germany if France can get it, hoping not to lose friends with Britain in case the British get something that the French do not. The Hungarians are already causing anxiety to the Rumanian frontier. The Lithuanians are fighting for Memel. The Poles are warned by Russia that if a foot of German soil is touched, the Red Army will be on the war-path. Revolution and ruin stare Germany in the face. And from Moscow comes the official warning : " All Europe is threatened with growing economic disorder. Russia warns the peoples of the world of the terrible danger that menaces peace. YOUR FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS. . . . "





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